

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



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TORONTO

THE IRONIES OF WAR ARE MANY. HERE TWO BRITISHERS FIND SHELTER FROM THE RAIN OF NAZI MACHINE-GUN BULLETS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF A WRECKED NAZI BOMBER

Do not forget to tell your young evacuee friends (who owing to exchange regulations must be very short of pocket money) that SATURDAY NIGHT offers two prizes of \$10 and \$5 respectively for the best essays on "My Impressions of Canada," not over one thousand words, and reaching this office by noon of October 26. These are open to persons under sixteen, sent to Canada in 1940 mainly for the purpose of securing safety from enemy attack. Detailed rules appeared last week and will be repeated next week.

MR. HEPBURN made a very substantial contribution to business stability in the most industrialized part of Canada when he announced this week that his Government would absorb the losses caused to its own revenues by the increase in the Dominion income tax, and would also accept for its own taxation purposes whatever allowances are made by the Dominion authorities in respect of depreciation on plant employed for war purposes. This will no doubt give a lead for similar action by the other provinces, but in any event it assures a large part of Canada's industry that it will be reasonably treated for the next year or two at least. That the decision will necessitate some rather drastic economies in provincial expenditure is obvious, but Mr. Hepburn has never shown signs of being afraid of anything drastic.

These announcements came at the same time as the appointment of a new Ontario Minister representing the French-Canadian element in replacement of Mr. Leduc. A better choice for this purpose we should think could hardly have been made. A close relative of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a man who was educated in Montreal and has been a secretary to the Minister of Justice, the new Minister of Mines starts his official career with the best possible auspices for success. He seems to be another example of that flair for the selection of good human material which Mr. Hepburn frequently shows when he is not too much limited by circumstances.

Motors Not Luxuries

IT IS greatly to be wished that the Canadian Government possessed a body, even though its powers might be only advisory, which could view the economic problems of the time from all angles and report accordingly. There is a rather serious danger of these problems being viewed only from the angle of the particular Department whose heads have the best approach to the ministerial ear. Thus there is

said to be a lively prospect of the motor manufacturers being subjected to a more or less complete prohibition of manufacture for private purchasers, on the two grounds that the use of motors is a luxury needing to be curtailed, and that the manufacture of motors involves the import of at least a considerable proportion of the parts or materials and therefore an export of U.S. exchange which is needed for war purposes. These are powerful considerations, and we do not for a moment suggest that they can be ignored.

But there is at least one other consideration of great importance, which it is possible that no Department will present to the Government. The use of motors is sometimes a luxury; it is very often a necessity. It is very difficult to tell what are the proportions, in Canada, of the two uses; but we think a good case could be made for the proposition that luxury use is very small and necessity use very large.

The transportation of the worker (mental or manual) from his home to his place of work

is a necessity. The busier the nation gets, the more of a necessity it becomes. And it is now very largely effected by motor. There are just twenty times as many motors in Canada today as there were in 1914; their chief employment is taking the owner to work. The public transportation systems, which were almost wholly responsible for that task in 1914, are now utterly incapable of it. A new relationship between home and work has grown up, in which the motor is the indispensable link. This link must be kept up if efficiency is to be kept up.

Japan No Mystery

THE one thing that matters to Japan is to hold as much as she can of her acquisitions in China. The one nation that stands in the way of her doing so is Russia; Russia cannot afford, for her very life, to see the whole of China pass under Japanese dominance.

Frantic efforts are being made by German and Japanese diplomats in Moscow to induce

Russia to consent to a partition of China between herself and Japan, an arrangement which would free Japan from her Chinese preoccupations, and presumably reconcile Russia to the advance (extremely dangerous to Russian interests) which the Axis is about to attempt in the Near East. But Russia must be extremely reluctant to accept any such settlement; she knows that if Germany and Japan win the war she will have to give up, or at least to defend all by herself, whatever she might acquire now. Here is a chance for British and American diplomacy (working for once together and not at loggerheads) such as is not offered more than once in a lifetime. The British Ambassador (Sir Stafford Cripps, whom the Chamberlain Government was reluctant to give ambassadorial status) and the American Ambassador at Washington are as good men for the purpose as could be found. The United States has just renewed its commercial agreement with Russia. The Russians are reported to be deeply impressed with the defence of Britain. Let us hope that the German-Japanese appeasement move in Moscow will fail.

The Theatre Awakes

THERE are many signs that the theatre in North America is emerging from the period of almost complete desuetude which came upon it with the advent of sound to the cinema. The ravages of even the silent cinema had been bad enough; but the advent of sound compelled the cinema to go into the market for real actors who could really talk, and it was able to offer them prices which the theatre, limited in its utmost capacity to four or five thousand dollars a night for an entire production, could not begin to meet. There were not enough actors left to keep the theatres of North America open five weeks a year; and since theatre-going is largely a matter of habit, there ceased to be enough audiences to fill them even for those five weeks. Attempts to keep going with a poorer grade of actors met with failure, for the public had been educated by the cinema not to tolerate more than a certain measure of incompetence in its performers.

The world upheaval has now reduced the Hollywood budgets to a more practical level. Salaries are still above the theatre scale, but there are certain charms about the theatre, and a certain lack of charm about the Hollywood life, which make up for the now moderate discrepancy in cash. Actors are back in the theatres. It looks as if even a city like Toronto might count on fifteen weeks or more of win-

(Continued on Page Three)

THE FRONT PAGE

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

IT IS now practically certain that President Roosevelt will be re-elected for a third term. Over 80 per cent of the newspapers are against him.

FAR EASTERN NOTE

The Japanese
Are hard to please.
Old Fed-Up Manuscript.

In the new order envisaged by Hitler and Mussolini there will be an end to capitalism, free trade and private initiative. What they offer is, of course, a new and barter world.

The times are bad enough, without one half the country remaining on daylight and the other reverting to standard.

With Hitler hesitating to invade Great Britain, conversation has become very monotonous these days. Everyone talks about the whether.

And you will know it is Utopia, too, because heads of states will meet in the open instead of an armored train.

Slowly but surely the R.A.F. is asserting its supremacy in the air. London dispatch.
Goering, Goering, Gone!

As we go to press, Mussolini has promised to make a speech and of course the Nazi radio continues to keep up its 24-hour blare. All of which confirms the oft-repeated statement that this is to be a lung war.

Hitler's sense of timing isn't as hot as it has been made out, otherwise he would have attempted the invasion of Great Britain while the Americans were engrossed in the World Series.

Esther says she's been to her last football game, she says her boy friend took up so much time explaining the fine points of the game that she lost all track of the innings.



WOODLAND SCENE IN WAR-TIME ENGLAND, ARMORED VEHICLES WELL-HIDDEN BY ENGLAND'S TREES



A GIANT SUNDERLAND SETS FORTH, ONE OF THE TYPE THAT LATELY SANK A GERMAN SUBMARINE



IN EXPECTATION OF GAS, THESE TROOPS ARE LEARNING METHODS OF DECONTAMINATION

DEAR MR. EDITOR

"A Splendid Lot of Contributors"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE new form of your journal is a very great improvement and should be appreciated by your readers. Not only is the set-up more attractive but the general character of the paper is more than living up to its reputation.

You have secured a splendid lot of contributors who provide us much up-to-date information with lively comment. Your photography is well done and the reproduction of Low's caricatures is an interesting feature. Altogether it is a journal of which Canada can very well be proud.

(HON.) H. A. BRUCE (M.P.)

Toronto.

Christian Economy

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR article "Toward a Christian Economy" you mention that only two readers wrote to comment upon Canon Plumptre's contribution. I regret my own delinquency and hasten to commend your latest editorial on this subject. Throughout the last decade one million Canadians were unemployed. These are now being told "Your country needs you." Several millions more were employed under disgraceful working conditions and at wage rates permitting only a bare existence for themselves and families. To them through press and radio now comes the same exhortation: "What stands if freedom fall? ... Who dies if England live?" Should we not be amazed that our war effort is as great as it is? The people of Britain are being integrated into a unified whole through their confident anticipation that such serfdom will not recur in their time. Great masses of Canadians have as yet no justification for a similar hope. This is why I am impelled to write you such encouragement as I can to continue your endeavors.

Halifax, N.S.

A. B. MACKAY.

Wants Better Poetry

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

A PUBLICATION of the literary calibre and standing of SATURDAY NIGHT should have more good poetry, not just verse. I am well aware that this is easier wished for than done, since good poetry is not written every week; but I cannot help thinking that there must be good Canadian poets, living in Canada and the United States, who could fill half a column of space once a week or so. A number of Canadian poets publish in the American magazines because, so they claim, they have no audience in Canada. Yet Canadians have, I firmly believe, a deeper native love of poetry than the average American.

ELSA GIDLOW.

San Francisco, Calif.

Making Canadians

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I APPRECIATE your paper with its many fine articles, and I was specially pleased with the article by C. H. Millard. According to the daily newspapers one would suppose that all we need for our war effort is successful business executives. This mistake is not being made elsewhere. In all the Dominions, with the exception of Canada, *everybody* is working for the successful prosecution of the war. We in Canada are losing the finest opportunity that we may ever have to make real Canadians of those living here who were not born in Canada, and of every class of our own native Canadians.

Vancouver, B.C. W. R. PARKINSON.

Want a Nazi Gadgets?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THERE must be a large number of persons in this country, and even more in the United States, who would be glad to contribute two dollars or five dollars to a Spitfire Fund, receiving in consideration thereof some

worthless gadget off one of the German planes shot down over England. Judging by recent bags of the R.A.F. there should be plenty of material available, without using the engine blocks and other parts suitable for scrap metal purposes. Why not turn the small instruments and fittings into foreign exchange?

Swastika, Ont. E. KERR-LAWSON.

Passing Show Doesn't Pass

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT HAS always appeared to me that the Passing Show feature of your excellent publication does not come up to the generally high standard of the paper as a whole. The writer suffers from an incorrigible weakness for paronomasia. Atrocious puns (the lowest form of wit) and feeble attempts at humor characterize his writings. The effect is puerile and trivial. Why not relegate the effusion to a less conspicuous part of your paper, or better still, eliminate it entirely, at any rate for the duration of the war?

C. R.

Toronto.

(Editor's note: Darn it, we rather like the Passing Show. The pun that is a mere play upon words is admittedly base, but when there is an associated play upon ideas it moves to a distinctly higher level. However, what do other readers think?)

S.N.'S NEW FORMAT

(The Lethbridge Herald)

SATURDAY NIGHT hasn't had its face lifted but has done some reducing in the size of its pages and the change is an improvement. No more is this high class weekly issued in two or three sections; it is bound together like a magazine, lending itself in its new form to preservation without difficulty. Many of the comments of SATURDAY NIGHT and most of its contributed articles are worth preserving too. It is a weekly that is never dull. Its editorial pages are always refreshing, its comment is that of intelligent, well informed writers. SATURDAY NIGHT never pussyfoots, it speaks its mind freely and frankly. There was a time when the paper was supposed to pander to wealth and fashion but today the common man has as fair a show in its columns as anywhere else in the country. In its first number in the new style it carried prominently an article by a leader of the C.I.O. in Canada. That simply would have been "lese majeste" in the old days. SATURDAY NIGHT in its variety of articles, in the standing of its contributors, in its excellent illustrations, makes it impossible for any Canadian to say that this country lacks a thoroughly good national weekly.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

ter season. That should be enough to keep the theatre-going habit alive.

But during the period of desuetude there has been developing a slightly novel technique for the selling of dramatic entertainment, a technique which has made progress also in the concert business. This is the subscription plan, of which the Guild Theatre in New York is the outstanding example. Essentially it is the selling, in advance of delivery, of theatrical entertainments in sets of four, five or six, on the strength of public confidence in the exceptional abilities and the artistic sincerity of the producers. We have emphasized the element of artistic sincerity, for an important part of the appeal of the Guild system is the feeling of subscribers that they are assisting in the production, and the bringing to their city, of plays which ought to be produced in the interests of theatrical art, whether they are money-makers or not. Originating in New York in 1919, this system in the expert hands of the Guild management was an immediate success, and Philadelphia and Chicago were soon given the benefit of Guild productions on similar terms. After 1929 the addition of new cities to the subscription circuit became frequent, and this season a dozen American centres are receiving Guild productions on the subscription basis. The Toronto public is about to be asked whether it wishes Toronto to join this circuit next season (1941-2); and we have not much doubt as to what the answer will be.

A Senatorial Prophet

THE death of the Hon. Henry W. Laird of Regina, member of the Senate since 1919, recalls a prophetic speech which he made in 1931, and which if it had been more widely heeded at the time might well have saved us from having to hear so much of the Aberharts and other fantastic doctrinaires who have come to the fore since those days. It was a speech which, coming from a good Tory and a member of the Senate, caused some of his fellow-politicians to open their eyes in amazement.

Senator Laird set forth the proposition, now much more widely recognized than it was then, that in the prairie economy it would have to be admitted that a partnership, moral and factual if not legal, existed between the lender and the borrower. In the boom days of wheat production prairie farmers had been encouraged and even urged to borrow money at high rates of interest, and to spend their temporarily rather magnificent incomes in maintaining an artificial and essentially non-agricultural standard of living. The mortgage investors, who had made great profits in the past, were in his opinion under the obligation to share the present losses with the borrowers. The Senator proposed a wholesale readjustment, involving the writing down of the principal and a drastic reduction in the interest rate. What, he asked, would it avail a lending company to carry on its books enormous sums of past due interest and doubtful equities which it was certain would never be collected in full? So thorough was Mr. Laird's knowledge of the West that he even referred to the menace of the drouth and dust storms which were later to cause so great a havoc. His ideas finally took partial form in the measures for the relief of agrarian indebtedness, but these came too late to save the country from an era of political upheaval and bewilderment.

Senator Laird was an able and observant man who early made a name for himself in Ontario journalism, as editor-proprietor of the Cobourg *Sentinel-Star*. He settled in Regina in 1901, and had much to do with the activities which transformed that place from a muddy police outpost into a modern city. Until he became an invalid in 1933 his contributions to the discussion of western problems were always listened to with the utmost respect by people of all political views.

Internment Procedure

WE ARE glad to note that the *Globe and Mail* has awakened to the dangers inherent in the procedure now being employed for the internment of persons considered to be dangerous to the public safety or the national interest in time of war. We find it strange, and a little unfortunate, that the Toronto morning paper should have picked on the case of James Franceschini as the one on which to base its protest, for we should have supposed

that if anybody in Canada was in a position to put up a good fight for his liberty if he had any reasonable claim to it that person would surely be the great contractor whose intimate relationships with all kinds of governments and all kinds of political parties were a matter of general admiration for years before Italy went into the war.

However this merely makes the general case stronger. If Signor Franceschini cannot get a fair hearing under the internment procedure, what in the world does the *Globe and Mail* suppose are the chances of the little people—small local labor leaders who happen to be unpopular with local industrial magnates, foreigners who are not Communists themselves but happen to have friends who were Communists in the days when it was not unlawful in Canada to be so, Canadians with odd religious ideas about the immorality of using force in international relations—the little people who get marched off to internment without a single headline in the papers, without anybody knowing they are gone except their wives and children, without any great daily newspaper or any provincial minister to take up the cudgels in their behalf?

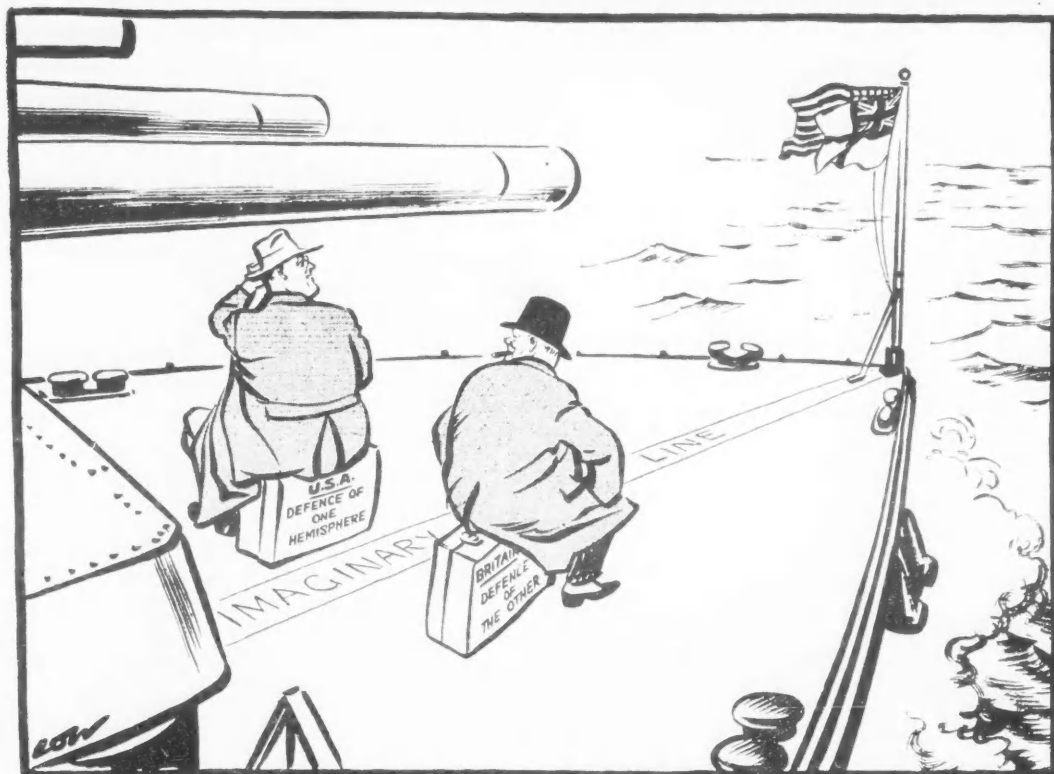
If the internment procedure is not good enough for James Franceschini it is not good enough for Canada. If there is danger of its causing injustice to James Franceschini there is infinitely more danger of its causing injustice to hundreds of lesser people. If it is improper for the officials of the Justice Department to put away James Franceschini with no right of appeal except a private consideration of his case by one judge, whose recommendation may be ignored by the Minister of Justice if he feels like ignoring it, then it is improper for these same officials to put away anybody at all in the same manner. *SATURDAY NIGHT* has been maintaining that this procedure is unsatisfactory for months; the *Globe and Mail* has been perfectly satisfied with it until the case of James Franceschini came to its attention. We are glad to have a new and influential ally in our demand for a revision of the internment regulations, and the establishment of a much more democratic and responsible system of appeal than is now provided; but we hope that the *Globe and Mail* will not lose all interest in the matter as soon as James Franceschini is disintegrated.

Mrs. Nielsen's Eviction

IN AN article on the life and work of Mrs. Dorise Nielsen, M.P., in our issue of June 22, it was suggested that certain eviction proceedings in Saskatchewan against the Nielsen family might have been instigated by political motives. *SATURDAY NIGHT* is now satisfied that the final order for foreclosure was regularly issued out of a court of competent jurisdiction, and was served, as required by Saskatchewan law, in ample time to enable the Niensens to obtain other quarters. In these circumstances there seems to be no ground for the suggestion that the proceedings were political.

Mr. Chamberlain

THE retirement of Mr. Neville Chamberlain brings to an end a period of more than half a century during which there has never been a year in which some member of that one Midland industrial family was not exercising a profound influence upon British and European affairs, nor a year in which that influence was not a matter of the most violent controversy. Even today it is almost as difficult to form a secure estimate of the work of Joseph Chamberlain as of the work of Austen or Neville.



"HULLO! GOING MY WAY?"

—By T. O. W.

The trouble probably is that it is necessary to judge, not the work of an individual, but the results of a state of society. The Chamberlain ascendancy, never more complete than towards its close, represents the ascendancy of the international industrialist in European politics. History, while almost certainly admitting that that ascendancy was less detrimental in Great Britain than elsewhere, will probably associate the Chamberlain era with that of the Comité des Forges in France, the Krupps and Thyssens in Germany, and the Morgans in the United States. Its opinion of the achievements of any of these groups is not likely to be high.

Neither the type of character which leads to success in the industrialist class, nor the kind of training which members of that class receive, is specially calculated to fit a man for the wise guidance of the modern democratic state. Men of that class not infrequently have great and noble ideas, immense energy in execution, an amazing power of commanding the respect and even love of a select fraction of their fellows. (The type example is Cecil Rhodes.) But they are apt to repel, just as violently, more men than they attract; hence to fail in imparting unity and therefore morale and decision to the people they govern; to weaken rather than strengthen the delicate fabric of loyalty and love of country.

The attitude of the great employer towards human beings in the mass can never be the attitude of the great statesman or the great captain. It is not altogether his own fault, being largely the result of the character of the institution—the vast limited-liability corporation—which lifts him to power; an institution whose sole vital principle is the desire for profit, not in itself an illegitimate desire, but one which can no more be the sole aim of any healthy organization than the desire for conquest can be the sole aim of a healthy state.

It is possible that the era of the industrialist ruler is drawing to a close. Herr Thyssen is in flight. The magnates around Marshal Pétain are puppets. The successors of the Morgans are looking, not very hopefully, to Mr. Willkie to give them a new lease of life. Chamberlain is gone, and in his place rules a group composed of what is at first sight a very astounding, and on mature thought a very natural, combination of old landed aristocrats and intelligent leaders of organized labor. Both of these classes are

men in whose minds, by the force of their training and their hereditary instincts, power has always been associated with responsibility—and responsibility not merely for the making of profit, but for the lives and happiness and physical and moral health of those over whom the power extends. Of such heredity and such training, leaders are made.

Neville Chamberlain got people to love him, rather briefly and with reservations, only when he told them that he had secured for them peace in our time. Winston Churchill gets them to love him passionately when he offers them nothing but blood and tears.

Thirty-Day Soldiers

THE Canadian Government need be in no doubt as to the opinion of the Canadian people on the thirty-day training scheme for draftees. It is entirely unanimous to the effect that it is a tragic joke. If it continues, and if we continue to send overseas—as it is earnestly to be hoped we shall—the whole of our really trained volunteer forces as fast as they are ready, the ultimate result will be that we shall be utterly dependent upon the vastly better trained drafted forces of the United States, with a solid year's instruction behind every man of them, for the defence of Canada. All that we shall be able to put into the North American trenches alongside of the Yankees will be men who can just manage to form threes and shoulder arms if not barked at too ferociously.

The only justification for the thirty-day scheme is that it was adopted when the country had a much less clear idea of what it was in for in the way of trouble from Germany, and that a chief object aimed at was to avoid the dislocation of industry by taking men away from employment for longer than a sort of long vacation. Now that we know that only very young men are to be taken anyhow, and that the kind of warfare we shall have to carry on in Canada if we are attacked is no amateur task for an improvised army, we should set about changing the whole business, giving every man who is to be trained at all a training that will be some use to him, and generally preparing to FIGHT.

FOR A LOVER IN AUTUMN

LET no sadness come
Because of dry rustling about the empty
lake,
A lowered sun on broken glints of maple,
Floating leaves like doomed fleets,
These shadowed woods,
Chill and unhuman about the ruled shore,
Withered swamp grass crumpling toward black
soil,
The echo of waves that will lap until frozen,
These were not meant for you, triumphant one,
You have outlived summer,
You have found the pulse of a high happiness,
A poise and flow of vigor untouched by seasons,
You have a look in your eye that is not
momentary,
And may pass light-footed among gray
beginnings
Of a cold earth.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

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Morale Will Win This War as It Did in 1812

BY J. S. B. MACPHERSON

THERE appeared in a recent edition of a United States magazine an article in which, after some disparaging comments regarding Britain's defence, the writer remarked that in spite of the feebleness of their efforts the morale of British people was still high. He then went on to say that, however one might admire the high morale of the British, "morale never won a war."

No comment would be necessary were it not for the fact that the magazine is widely read in Canada, and too many Canadians accept its articles as carrying a good deal of authority.

The writer of such a phrase had either no knowledge of history, or no conception of the meaning of the word "morale."

Morale as a word is difficult to define. It is made up of a number of qualities. It includes self-confidence in the best sense of that much abused term, it includes determination, endurance, and patience. Its most outstanding characteristic is, however, that it transforms all these qualities into action. It lifts stubbornness out of passive resistance to energetic action, it gives a definite purpose to endurance, and to patience a living force.

A nation whose morale is high will accept discipline willingly, it will sacrifice ease and comfort to attain its goal, it will face disaster and deprivation with a serene confidence. Confidence, determination, endurance, and patience may, alone, be negative and static; a high morale brings them alive and makes them positive and dynamic.

It is the morale of a nation that leads it to victory in war, and to progress in peace; when a nation's morale is destroyed defeat in war and stagnation in peace are as inevitable as death.

To say that "morale" never won a war is to deny the existence of the human soul. It is to say that men are automatons, and that armies are composed of robots. It is to say that material things alone are worth counting, that the fighting power of a nation can be worked out on a sort of national balance sheet, and its exact power determined by a mathematical calculation. It writes "goodwill" down to a dollar and measures human worth by the pound.

The Saving of Canada

What is morale? It is the spring from which the stream of action flows.

History abounds with examples of the achievements of a high morale against seemingly impossible odds.

In the long years of peace on our southern border we have perhaps forgotten the magnificent efforts of Upper Canada in 1812. It is a striking example of what a high morale can accomplish with the most limited means. As it is part of our own history we would do well at this time to remember and try to understand it. If we can do as well today we can be proud of ourselves.

When hostilities threatened there were about 3000 regulars and 1400 militia in Upper Canada. About four or five thousand volunteers came forward, but there were no arms available with which to equip them. Two troops of cavalry were about to be recruited by private effort, but no sabers could be had to arm them. Although water communications were vital there were on Lake Erie one schooner in bad repair, and one sloop. The population ratio in favor of the United States was about twenty to one, the ratio of regular troops about nine to one, and of equipped volunteers about thirty to one. In addition the United States had a large cannon foundry near Washington, and many foundries capable of being converted to such a use. Canada had none.

To add to these handicaps word was received from England that for at least the year 1812 and perhaps longer no help could possibly be sent and Canada must look entirely to its own resources for its defence.

Surely here was a case where our writer might well say "morale never won a war" because all the colony had was morale, and according to his way of thinking it was doomed before a shot was fired. This was also the belief generally held in the United States at the time. An easy victory over the defenceless Canadians was confidently expected.

The story of what happened is an epic. The war was on such a small scale we are apt to belittle it, especially today when our minds have been trained to regard size rather than quality. As wars go it was small. But it was

fought by the whole Canadian people, against what appeared to be overwhelming odds, and though overshadowed historically by the tremendous events in Europe it was a magnificent achievement for an infant nation.

Under the inspired leadership of General Brock the people of Upper Canada went to work.

There was no money available, so groups of private individuals pledged themselves to the extent of £15,000, and Brock issued notes against this for immediate financial needs. Shipyards were built where none had existed before, and the capacity of existing yards enlarged. An artillery train was formed of farmers' sons who gave their services without pay and furnished their own draught horses. Cannon were found by removing them from posts where they were not immediately needed and putting them to a more urgent use. Settlers rode or tramped for miles to form militia companies and in many cases provided their own arms and equipment. Fur traders' scows were put to use and made into transports or into improvised gun-boats.

The results exceeded even the hopeful expectations of General Brock. On both Lake Ontario and Lake Erie we held, for the 1812 campaign, complete naval supremacy. Every attempt at invasion was thrown back, Detroit and Fort Michilimackinac were captured, the Indians of the West were won over, and the year 1812 closed in a blaze of glory.

"Morale never won a war!"

Nothing But Faith

Those men who pledged the whole of their credit, those farmers who gave their sons, those men who left their farms, those men who fought on the lakes in converted scows, all had nothing but faith in their cause, and determination to fight for it to the end. Deficient in everything but morale they hurled back an invader armed and equipped with everything else.

How would our American critic have regarded the chances of Clive in 1759? At Calcutta he had 1400 men and 7 field guns to oppose a force 24,000 strong, with 40 large



THIS DORNIER CAME DOWN OFF ENGLAND'S SOUTH-EAST COAST, FOR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO THE R.A.F. IN PROOF THAT EVEN IN TIME OF WAR, BRITONS HAVE AN APPRECIATION OF ART, THESE TROOPS CAREFULLY EXCISE FOR PRESERVATION THE PAINTING OF A BOAR ON THE SIDE OF THE MISGUIDED MACHINE.

cannon, and 50 elephants in a fortified camp. He had "nothing but morale"—but contrary to material calculations he won the battle. A few months later at Plassy with 3200 troops and 9 field guns he won the battle against 68,000 enemy with 53 heavy guns manned by 400 French artillery experts. Not only did he win Plassy, he won India.

Clive, like Brock, did not win against such odds by sitting still. He won it by what Mr. Churchill has described as "toil and sweat". His morale was high, and his efforts were great. A study of his manoeuvres is too long to in-

clude here. It is enough to say that while his adversaries slept he marched. While they waited for the flood waters of the Hoogli to abate he built boats and rafts. While they waited for favorable opportunities he created them.

Too many of our own people think, as does the writer of the magazine article, that morale consists only in wishing for victory or just in believing in it. It is belief, plus the will to act, so that the belief will become a reality. It is a willingness to give not only time and effort to the cause, but also to surrender to it physical ease, and mental sloth. The latter is the hardest thing of all, but without it morale is a hollow shell.

False Morale Collapses

To have a sound morale we must also have a sound understanding of our cause, and a true appreciation of our resources. A morale based on falsehoods, or buoyed up with false hopes, and false beliefs is terrible in its collapse when those beliefs are shattered. That is what happened in Germany in 1918, and it is well worth our while to study that collapse, to know and understand what brought it about. That is why we must not only believe in what we are doing, but must also understand it. Blind unreasoning patriotism is not enough. Only a true and deep love of country will stand against disaster. This can only be achieved through wisdom and understanding.

The highest type of morale can be found only from among free peoples. True morale is found only where the discipline is self-imposed, where the leaders are followed willingly, and

A DONEGAL TOAST

THIS fine speeches, faith, are aisily made, And promises go, and big words pass. But I give you this small wish to keep: Here's hoping, old friend, the egg's not laid That'll hatch the goose that'll nibble the grass That'll cover the grave where you're to sleep!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

where the people trust their leaders and the leaders trust their people. The slavish obedience enforced by dictators may last for a time, but throughout history it has always failed in the end. Morale cannot be founded on falsehood and it cannot be enforced by fear. A morale founded on fanaticism is rotten at its base. It may flourish and overawe for a time, but when put to a real test it cannot stand the strain, and when its weak foundation gives way the whole towering structure comes crashing down.

On the other hand the morale of a free people, based on truth, on discipline self-imposed, on obedience freely given, has an unshakeable foundation. Its superstructure may be battered and broken, but its foundations will endure. It is that morale which wins a war.

Fable of the Two Supermen

BY HUGH SHOOBRIDGE

All the characters in this fable are entirely fictitious, indeed fabulous, especially Herr Hitler.

TOWARDS the end of 1940 the stupid obstinacy of the British compelled Herr Hitler to obtain his necessary periodic triumphs by using up the remaining Neutrals. The rulers of these naturally removed themselves to London, where the number of extra-territorial Governments steadily increased. Kings, Queens, Grand Duchesses, Presidents and Prime Ministers abounded on every hand. It was hardly possible to drop a bomb on the Obdurate Isle without opening some channel of European Political Promotion.

But the supply of Minor Neutrals was not inexhaustible; and the Fuehrer eventually turned to a region where his technique of complete and devastating surprise was still unknown and could be used with some effect. The Fifth Column in Mexico was hastily thrown into action, and several *Panzerdivisionen* which had been secretly assembled near the Texan border rolled northwards to punish Washington for its Hard Words, its Base Actions, and its Destroyer Deals. It was explained that this course was necessary in order to protect the Neutrality of the Republic from being violated by the treacherous Canadians.

THE advance Tanks crossed the Potomac before the Joint Defence Committee had had time to work out a plan of campaign; but the Eloquent Personage whom they sought had left in a Flying Fortress. He knew that his place was now at the centre of things, and he told his pilot that the frontier of the Republic was now on the Thames.

His arrival over London coincided with a certain amount of confusion created by the Luftwaffe, and the Spitfire which shot him down had no difficulty in freeing itself from the charge of having been tampered with by the emissaries of the G.O.P. A convenient bomb had just cleared a way through the roof

of Number Ten Downing Street, so that the Eloquent Personage and his parachute settled down without difficulty in front of a man under a tin hat and behind a large cigar.

"Mr. Churchill, I presume," was the opening gambit of a notable and historic conversation.

"You find me at least one-third ill housed and ill clothed," responded the Prime Minister, deftly covering the effect of a bomb splinter on his trousers. "But I am glad you have dropped in. Things are falling our way and I welcome them; let them fall; your visit is opportune."

"I planned it that way," asserted the visitor.

USING as a basis the well known fact that one man with a dream may go forth at pleasure and conquer a crown, we can roughly estimate what could be done by two supermen with varied and unlimited dreams. After an evening of emulative conversation a New World was, if not on hand, at least on order. In something more than draft form were the PWG (Provisional World Government), the UEA (Universal Economic Authority) and the GMC (Globular Monetary Council). Both leaders then fell silent, reflecting on the good achieved by Adolf Hitler now that his resounding victories had left him exhausted and vulnerable to the gathering hosts of vengeance. Not only had he driven a wide assortment of Governments to London but he had planted in them a firm and passionate determination to link themselves sincerely and resolutely in a real but flexible World Commonwealth.

The thoughts of the visiting Personage next turned to this World Government over which, it was intended, the Head of each State would preside in turn. There would be, he presumed, a Jealous Nationalistic Insistence on this strict rotation; yet one could envisage critical times in which an experienced man might be retained for a second span of office. Possibly in a very difficult year an exceptionally able Executive might even . . . oh, well, that was a bridge to be crossed when it was reached.

2

Switzerland Entertains Expensive Guests

BY DR. G. O. CLERC

EVENTS are moving swiftly in this war. Things which only yesterday fired us with pity are today forgotten. Who remembers now that an army of more than 50,000 men has sought refuge in Switzerland?

When the army of General Corap was crushed at Sedan, it was all up with the Maginot line. Without losing any time, the German hordes rushed upon Dijon, and thence upon the fort of Ecluse, at the western extremity of Switzerland. Thousands of men were trapped here, with German troops on the east and west, and the Swiss border to the south. Those who could followed the example of 100,000 civilians: they came to seek hospitality from neutral and independent Switzerland.

Interned troops are duty-bound to give up their equipment. Once this equipment is surrendered, it must be sorted out; this is the thankless task of the ordnance troops. A Swiss lieutenant, returning from a tour of inspection, wrote to me as follows: "We were horrified at the equipment of the French troops. The gas-masks in particular were of poor quality; the tubes were worn through; a great number of them had no glass in them, and, when we expressed our amazement, we were told that since January no more supplies of them were obtainable. The helmets which are supposed to protect the men against bullets will not stand up at all against hard blows. But most lamentable of all was the display of rifles. In the same unit there were five or six different kinds of rifles, including old single-loader 'chassepot' rifles. It was either a case of sabotage or at least of bad distribution; many of the cartridges did not coincide with the calibre of the arms."

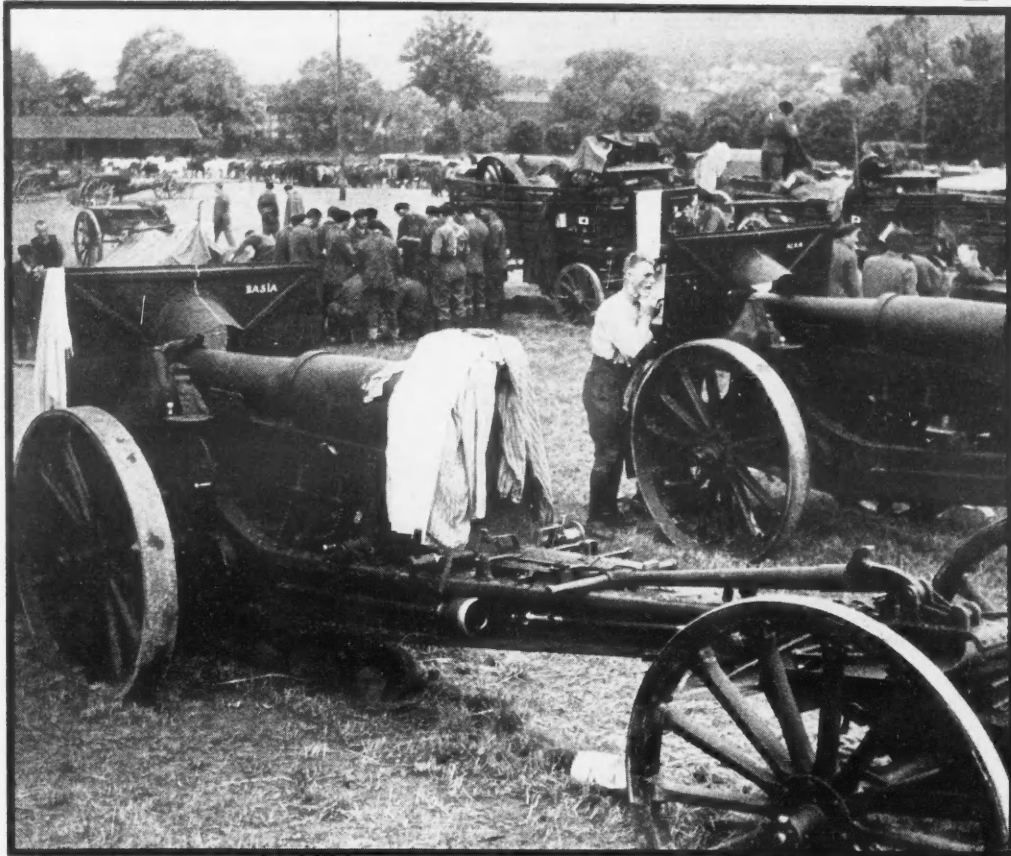
It would be useless to try to hide the fact the Swiss have experienced great difficulty with the French. A French machine-gunner arrived with a cane which he had carved in the Maginot line as his only baggage. He boasted to all and sundry that he and his companions had thrown their arms in a ditch at the approach of German troops. Among the refugees, there were members of international brigades who made themselves famous during the Spanish war. Not content with refusing to give up their arms, these men sang the Internationale and other communist songs, and made fun of the Swiss officers. As a result, they had to be driven out at once. The Germans seized them and shot them, within a few yards of the Swiss border.

But the men are not the only ones to create difficulties; there are also the animals. The Algerian Spahis found it very hard to give up their daggers and their horses. They obeyed finally. But the Swiss did not have the last word: the Arab horses took it into their heads to refuse the hay offered to them by Swiss soldiers. As the poor animals were pining away, the government was forced to intern horsemen and steeds together.

The situation of Switzerland is difficult. Judge for yourself. Its population is four million. 600,000 men are mobilized. Its agricultural resources are poor. Industry, hard hit by the mobilization, is still harder hit by the decreased number of markets. The population, increased by 150,000 civilian refugees and 50,000 military refugees, must be fed. These unexpected visitors must also be lodged. This is a difficulty, but not the worst. The beloved English and American tourists are, alas, busy with other tasks. In the palaces which housed the well-to-do of five continents, internees rest from the fatigues of war, under the supervision of Swiss soldiers.

At Geneva, the International Committee of the Red Cross, (composed entirely of Swiss, in spite of its being called "international") replies to 35,000 letters a day, sends parcels, bandages, and acts as intermediary between prisoners and their families.

Who knows if and when Switzerland will be reimbursed for its expenses? For the moment, no one thinks of this. The Swiss people must carry on, must show themselves equal to the task.



Five-inch guns of the three Polish batteries interned in Switzerland. The Polish officers gave up their epaulets and emblems, and asked to be interned with the men.



Algerian Spahis and a soldier of the colonial infantry troops, looking at a shop-window in the township of Porrentruy.



Observation post, at the French-Swiss border, in the Jura mountains.



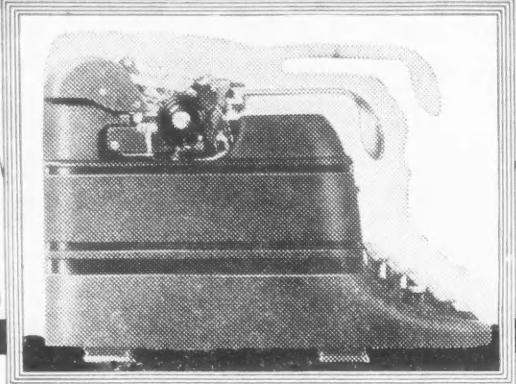
Twenty-four French caterpillar-tanks, part of a convoy of 300 units, most of which were destroyed in a fight near Saint Hyppolite.



Bombs were dropped near the Swiss border. This accounts for a little chat between Lt.-Colonel Guisan, son of the Commander-in-chief of the Swiss forces, and a German officer.



French internees in the court-yard of the Castle of Porrentruy.



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WEEK TO WEEK

Our Influence in World Affairs

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"To exert an influence in world affairs should be the legitimate object of every self-respecting nation." The Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Empire Club speech, October 3.

THAT, for a Canadian speaker addressing a Canadian audience, is a startling idea. It is also a profoundly true one. It did not sound like a startling idea when Mr. Ferguson uttered it, partly because one does not look for startling ideas from Mr. Ferguson. A certain homely shrewdness, combined with a very accurate knowledge of the minds of the ordinary people of Canada, is what has enabled him to serve his province and his country well for thirty years and has now placed him in a position of great influence above the strife of party politics. It may have been that homely shrewdness that led him to avoid putting it forward as a startling idea, and to treat it rather as a commonplace in which everybody would agree with him. To treat it otherwise would have made it sound like a rebuke to Canadians; and Canadians do not like to be rebuked.

Mr. Ferguson, of course, knows perfectly well that, whatever they may feel about what should be the purposes and objects of other nations, Canadians have never felt that it should be a part of the legitimate objects of Canada to exert an influence in world affairs. I am speaking of the Canadian people as a whole. Isolated leaders among them have felt that desire, have even tried to induce the Canadian people to feel it; but the Canadian people have never felt it. Sir Robert Borden towards the close of his political career, strongly conscious of what was owing to the memory of the thousands of young Canadians who had laid down their lives to earn for Canada the right to exert an influence in world affairs, and strongly conscious also that the world was ready and anxious to have Canada exert that influence, did a good deal to provide his people with the mechanism for exerting it, and something to develop in them the desire to exert it. But he retired, and Canada became wrapped up in her own affairs during a period of frightful prosperity and a succeeding period of equally frightful non-prosperity; and the mechanism, which was all tied up with the League of Nations, became rusty and eventually broke down; and finally we began to wonder whether we were a nation at all, and could possibly have any right to exert any influence anywhere, and in what direction such a profoundly disunited people could exert influence if they had any. Then came the war, the ravaging of Europe, the collapse of France, the back-to-the-wall stand of Britain, the battle in the skies over London, the fate of the world hanging on the skill and courage of a few thousand young men in bombing and fighting planes. And many of them are Canadian young men, and many of the planes they fly in are Canadian planes.

Confidence in Canada

Today, though most Canadians seem modestly unaware of the fact, Canada is the second greatest nation in the fight against the masters of continental Europe. Canada is the greatest belligerent ally that Great Britain possesses, in the most desperate war that Great Britain has ever fought. Talk about influencing world affairs? Canada is actually shaping them, determining the course of destiny for hundreds of years. Is it too much to say that if the idea once got abroad that Canada would desist from the struggle, would decide that the fate of Great Britain did not matter to her sufficiently to justify the further expenditure of men and money for its defence, that defence would almost infallibly collapse? I do not think it is, for endurance has its limits, and British endurance is buoyed up largely by the confidence that Canada will bring a steadily increasing power of men, machinery and munitions to the field of battle, and if that confidence were broken the prospect of ultimate victory, which now looks encouraging, would be poor indeed. (For one thing the moral effect upon the United States of any such defection by Canada would be incalculable, releasing forces of isolationism which are now fettered largely because of the inspiring effect of Canada's example.)

Why This Country Went In

Yet how did Canada get into this position of terrific responsibility and enormous power? Not by any deliberate choice of her own. Not because of any urgent desire on the part of Canadians to exert an influence in world affairs. Not indeed with any idea that the part that Canada would have to play would be a greatly important one; for we entered the war with the idea that the Maginot Line and the British fleet would prevent its being particularly



Triumph of Character

When the scientist, John Michaels*, announced the success of his final experiments, despite the neglect and the ridicule of his colleagues . . . it was more than a victory for pure science.

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dangerous for anybody except the Poles, and that our job would be to provide a few troops and a lot of munitions and look after the occasional raider who might get loose in the Atlantic or the Pacific. What, we thought, would eleven million people amount to, three thousand miles from the main conflict, when seventy or eighty or a hundred million people in Europe would do the main fighting? No; we went in, not because of any conviction that it should be the legitimate object of any self-respecting nation to exert an influence to pull its weight—in world affairs, but because of a dim but profound sense that we must stick to Great Britain and a lively conviction that it would not cost us much to do so. And look at us now!

If ever a people had greatness thrust upon them, it is the Canadian people in this hour of destiny of 1940. But, having had it thrust upon us, having had it achieved for us by the mag-

(Continued on Page 9)

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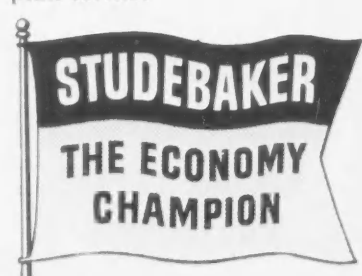
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Mystery of Dakar

BY COL. GEORGE DREW

THE whole truth behind the fiasco at Dakar will not be known until after this war is over. But the suggestion that General De Gaulle had a strong British naval squadron placed at his disposal by the British Admiralty simply on some vague rumor of a favorable situation at that time is too fantastic to be believed.

General De Gaulle is a brilliant and experienced soldier. He was one of the few French senior officers who foresaw the true character of this war and if the plan he recommended six years ago for the organization of swift, hard-hitting, self-contained mechanized units had been adopted, the French Government would in all probability still be in Paris. And Winston Churchill is Prime Minister of Great Britain. His memory of Gallipoli must still be too vivid for him to have risked such an expedition unless he had the most convincing evidence that those in authority at Dakar sought De Gaulle's assistance.

What form could that evidence have taken? That question may not be answered for a long time. But the history of the Great War teaches us that all battles are not won by guns, ships, and men. There is one striking illustration from the Great War of hidden forces which may play their part. It may at least offer a suggestion as to the nature of the explanation which will ultimately be found for what appears on the surface to have been bungling of the worst kind.

It was certainly greatly to Germany's advantage that antagonism should be aroused to the breaking point between the British Government and the "Men of Vichy." It would also be a very great advantage to Germany if powerful British naval units could be lured into a trap, particularly if it were made to appear that they had then been sunk by French naval or land forces. It is possible the Nazis got a suggestion as to how this could be done by reading an extremely painful chapter of their own naval history of the Great War.

It will be recalled that on November 1, 1914, a very powerful German squadron under Admiral Von Spee met Craddock's much lighter squadron at Coronel on the Chilean southwest coast of South America. The British squadron was decisively defeated and Craddock went down with his flagship, the *Good Hope*. The *Monmouth* also was destroyed. The third British ship in the battle was heavily damaged but escaped to report the unexpected presence in the South Atlantic of the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, the *Nürnberg* and the *Leipzig*. It was a severe blow to British naval prestige.

A STRONG British squadron, including battle cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, was immediately detached from the North Sea Fleet under the command of Admiral Sturdee. They proceeded directly to the Falkland Islands. They arrived there on the morning of December 7 and proceeded to coal in the harbor at Port Stanley. In the words of an historian of that battle, "the very morning after their arrival, punctual, as if on invitation, the German ships obligingly appeared on the horizon. Sturdee's squadron lay hidden behind the land and coaling quietly proceeded while the unconscious Von Spee drew closer."

For the German squadron it was an amazing rendezvous with death. Sturdee might well have expected to search for weeks or months before locating Von Spee's squadron, and the probability was that his ships would be separated as they had been before the battle of Coronel, which would have greatly prolonged the completion of Sturdee's task. But obligingly, Von Spee arrived with his whole squadron just as Sturdee's ships were completing their fueling and had made themselves ready for the attack. It was the most surprising coincidence of the whole war that these two squadrons should come together from all those thousands of miles of open water at the first place in South America at which the British ships had stopped. For Sturdee it was a perfect coincidence. It was fatal for the German squadron. The *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig* and *Nürnberg* were sunk in a short and terrible action in which Von Spee went down with his flagship.

When the Kaiser read the official report of this disaster he appended these words as a footnote: "It remains a mystery what made Spee attack the Falkland Islands." That mystery remained unsolved for many years. The Kaiser did not know, and the historians who recorded this victory at the time did not know, that Von Spee had received wireless instructions to proceed to the Falkland Islands with his squadron.

Von Spee was at Valparaiso when he received a wireless from the German Admiralty in their most secret code giving him peremptory orders to proceed with his squadron to the Falkland Islands immediately and to destroy the British wireless station at Port Stanley. Von Spee never had the chance to learn that when he arrived at the Falkland Islands, and was astonished to find a powerful British squadron there, it was no strange coincidence. He was not obeying the instructions of the German Admiralty. He was obeying the instructions of the British Secret Service.

Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, who was the head of the British Naval Intelligence, had discovered the secret of Germany's most precious code shortly after the outbreak of the war,

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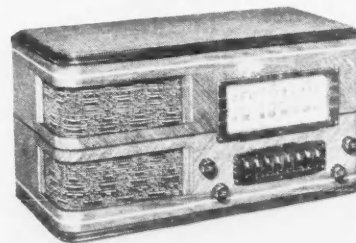
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Admiral Hall had an agent in Berlin whom he instructed to find out how wireless messages were sent by the German Admiralty to ships of the German Navy at sea. He found that these messages were sent on a special form stamped by the Admiralty and by the Censor. He obtained the necessary stamps and forms.

Then when Admiral Hall estimated that Sturdee would just have time to get to the Falkland Islands and complete his coaling, he instructed his agent in Berlin to send the required code message to Von Spee. It was necessary for the success of his plan that Von Spee should not arrive too

soon for Sturdee to complete his coaling, and on the other hand that his arrival should not be delayed too long as he might receive word from German agents of the arrival of the British squadron.

Any one of several reasons may be offered for what happened at Dakar. But General De Gaulle and the British ships were undoubtedly led into some sort of a trap. It is surprising under the circumstances that the submarines which attacked the British squadron did not sink one or more of the large British ships which were obviously unprepared for the turn of events.

THE HITLER WAR

"The Conversations Were Dominated by Confidence"

ONE of the most significant signs that I have noticed in a long time was the necessity which official sources in Berlin seemed to feel to emphasize, several days running, that "the conversations on the Brenner were dominated by confidence." When the Germans stress that, then things are not going well. If there is any people which has difficulty in maintaining confidence when things are

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

not going well, in keeping on an even keel, it is the German. They must have a steady string of successes to reinforce their belief in themselves. Have I not heard Hitler, with my own ears and not three years ago, say: "The German people will never become master of the earth until it is cured of its inferiority complex.

To that end I am building in Hamburg the biggest bridge in the world!"

This psychological condition is going to influence Hitler's policy this winter. He has to fight doubt as well as the British, and no one knows it better. Why, what must have been the moral effect already upon that great army mustered all along the Channel, intensively trained in embarkation and debarkation, expecting

day by day for three months to get the signal to invade England and end the war? Instead of the promised triumphal parade through London they have been pounded night and day the whole time by the R.A.F., and seen hundreds, perhaps thousands, of their comrades' bodies washed ashore from wrecked transports. How will they feel as the ships and barges are sent back to the Reich and they are told that the attempt is off? And the airmen: how long can Goering's trick of making up attacking squadrons of planes from different aerodromes and dispersing them again after the raid keep the men in ignorance of their true losses, or of their one-to-four chance in battle with the British fighters?

I don't suggest for a minute that the morale of the German forces is cracking already. But I do suggest that unless Hitler provides new victories this winter he is going to have a different army on his hands next spring than he had last spring, and that he knows this. It may be argued that he didn't feel compelled to move all last winter, and yet maintained the morale of his troops very well. But there is a great difference between this winter and last. We may have thought we were at war then—although we did very little about it,—but to the Germans the war with the Western Powers did not start until April. The Polish campaign was a separate affair to them, a preliminary workout which raised their confidence to high pitch in awaiting the main bout.

No Victory Congress

They go into this winter, not fresh from the brilliant victory over France, but from the rebuff of their planned invasion of Britain. There is no smoothing over this, no concealing its meaning from the German populace, after the inordinate boasting, the succession of dates which were whispered about for the parade down Piccadilly, the advertisement of a Congress of Victory at Nuremberg for September, the prospect held out by Dr. Ley of Strength through Joy excursions to Brighton this fall, and the hopes encouraged among the people that there would not be a second winter of blackouts and privation. And on top of all this, there is going to be the very great difference between British pamphlets and British bombs showering down on their heads. Thus Hitler is going to be under entirely different psychological compulsion to produce victories this winter than last.

Where and how is he going to produce these victories? By further air attacks on Britain? He must continue these, certainly, continue to try to knock out Britain's war industries and sap her morale, and continue to write up these attacks in his press as a hundred (or has he promised a thousand?) times more damaging than the British attacks on Germany. But it is hard to see here the kind of victories he needs. He has had them already for three months and they have not prevented the present situation from developing. Nor does it seem likely that he can increase his attack beyond the fury of September, or even maintain that intensity throughout the winter. While continuing his aerial exchanges with Britain and intensifying his submarine blockade, he must look elsewhere for moves which will provide glittering victories, as well as contribute to winning the war. Where else? What answer can there be to this question but the Near East, where victory would be heightened by glamor, and would mean the smashing of the second greatest concentration of British power and the capture of the strategic centre of the empire.

This is no new idea, but the old Berlin-Bagdad dream. The Germans would not have to improvise plans; they have thought and schemed over this for forty years. How would they go about it? First, to usher in this new phase of the war Hitler has, according to custom, sought a diplomatic shock which would open the way for his drive. From the echoes we hear from the German and Italian press it seems that he seriously expected his Japanese alliance to shock the United States into curbing its aid to Britain and keeping its armaments for its own defence, and to

immobilize Russia. This would at the same time have improved his chances of winning the all-winter air war with Britain and left the Balkans and Turkey unsupported in face of his demands for free passage.

For I believe that if Hitler is planning a campaign against our stronghold in Palestine and Egypt he will seek to pass his armies *without fighting* as far as Syria. This would give him a secure line of communications through peaceful country. It would still be a very long line of communications, limited to a single-tracked railway the last half of the way, and hence unable to supply a very large force at the end. The only answer I see to this is that Hitler would try, by keeping the Italians (with some German help and leadership) active on the Libyan side, to gain time to bring down supplies before launching his campaign. The weakness in this argument is that the British could also bring in supplies and reinforcements during the interval. But again, there is an answer: in closing Gibraltar. Still, it is only a partial answer, since shipments from Britain could still take the three and a half times longer route around the Cape and up the Red Sea, while increasing support is reaching our Middle Eastern Command through this back door from India, Australia and New Zealand. There would also have to be an effort to close this back door, by reinforcing Italian air power on the Straits of Bab el Mandeb; but scant supplies are a bar in the way of heavy operations from Italian East Africa, as every bomb and every gallon of gasoline used up brings this "island" outpost nearer the end of its resources. There is no way of replacement, except in a dribble by air from Libya and Italy.

A Solid Land Route

There are many difficulties in the way of a German campaign into the Near East, certainly, but I think that after counting on the rains in Poland, the mountain valleys in Norway, the isolation of Narvik, the flooded fields of Holland and the rough terrain of the Ardennes to deter the Germans, and having been fooled each time, we are not quite so sure now that nature is always on our side. If there were some such gap as even the Straits of Dover where our sea-power could operate to block this German route the situation would be different. As it is, it is a fact that a solid land route, except for the narrow Bosphorus, exists all the way from Germany to Syria, and the only place we could get at it would be at Alexandretta, where effective action would require the co-operation of our naval, land and air forces, and the Turks. It is also a fact that the Axis is working to disarm Syria, demanding that all French planes be flown to the Dodecanese Islands and that several aerodromes be turned over to Italian control, which looks very much as though Syria were being prepared as a bridgehead for operations in this region.

Meantime the movement of German troops into Rumania this week looks like the first step in this winter campaign, implying as it does that freedom of passage has already been gained through that country and Hungary. There is every indication that Greece is to be next. A move into Greece would be to an Axis campaign in the Near East what the move into Denmark and Norway was to the campaign against Britain. It would cover the Axis Balkan flank as the other covered Germany's Scandinavian flank. The seizure of Crete would cramp the British in the Eastern Mediterranean as the seizure of the Norwegian coast cramped them in the North Sea. Note how far Crete extends down towards Libya, and how it covers the entrance to the Aegean Sea. The occupation of the many Greek islands in this sea would give the Axis a flanking position far around the Turkish coast, while a push through Thrace would bring them to within 40 miles of the Dardanelles and 125 of Constantinople. It would also leave Bulgaria and Yugoslavia almost entirely surrounded and helpless, as Sweden was left by the move into Norway; the Germans might well count on them drawing the same conclusions and granting free passage for the German armies.



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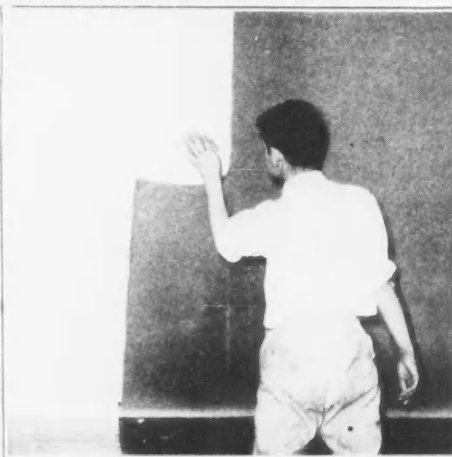
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THE SCIENCE FRONT

What About Canadian Inventors?

QUITE a few "war inventions" were submitted in the recent SATURDAY NIGHT contest, and although one was forwarded to the Admiralty none was considered to be worthy of the prize. Some readers have concluded that outsiders cannot invent for the complex machine war of today.

BY H. DYSON CARTER

This view is not in the national interest, and those officers who spread it are either misinformed or prejudiced. Let no one think that this is a trivial matter. American military and naval authorities are loud in their

praise of Hitler's wide open mind and purse where new war ideas are concerned. This is not one of the radical Nazi contributions, but is based upon the historical fact that men in the services have devised practically no important war inventions. It is the civilian outsiders who have changed war, as we shall see.

The Revolver. This was invented by Colt. A rich man's son, Colt fled to sea when a boy, and in his spare time whittled a wooden model of a hand gun with multiple chambers revolving about the barrel. One of the first multiple-fire devices, Colt's revolver was greeted with scorn. The inventor took out patents, built a factory, had his idea rejected repeatedly by the U.S. Army, went bankrupt and finally turned to submarine torpedoes. These brought him cash. Soon the efficiency of the Colt gun could not be denied, and during the Mexican War period the inventor amassed a fortune. Of course the Army's reason for rejecting the revolver was a combination of some fact, much pooh-pooh, and total lack of vision.

The Machine Gun. Kipling immortalized the Gatling gun. In the movie "The Light That Failed" there was a splendid action shot of this weapon. Few military men know that Gatling was almost a lifelong civilian failure who spent years inventing agricultural machines. These worked, but Gatling obtained no credit for them. Finally he turned the plowshare into a sword when he took his automatic seed drill, pointed it straight instead of down, and put bullets in place of wheat grains. Within two years every nation swamped him with orders. Gatling did not need to beg at Washington. Even the Generals could not turn down the weapon that changed warfare in its day, and Gatling's financial success was startling.

The Submarine. A long line of civilian inventors, from 1776 on, perfected the undersea boat. They worked against official hostility for a hundred years. The Americans, Holland and Lake, worked out the electric drive system and the British Navy ordered its first submarines from Vickers in 1900. Germany was the last of the major sea powers to adopt the submarine (1906). The reasons for rejecting it were much the same as those once used to condemn steam railways—nonsense that sounded all right because tradition was being menaced. By this time we have learned that wars are no longer won with tradition, diplomatic or mechanical.

The Tank. Here is the exception that proves our point. Lieut.-Col. Swinton of the Royal Engineers suggested in October 1914 that the remarkable Holt tractor (U.S.A.) could be turned into an engine of war by wrapping it up in armor plate and mounting guns on board. This suggestion was the cause of mass apoplexy seizures in all the good hunt clubs. The colonel finally reached Kitchener himself, but was told that tanks would not fit on the maps. But there was a civilian in England who could think and act: Winston Churchill. He took Swinton's idea out of the notion stage, formed a Tank Committee, and soon had the famous "Little Willie" clanking around to horrify the cavalry. Then came "Big Willie" and the "Mark" twins and September 15, 1916, on the Somme. The blitzkrieg was born with these British tanks. A civilian, not an "expert," gave them to England.

Too Busy to Invent

This list could be indefinitely extended. Rossman, in the Patent Office Society Journal, accepts as a truism that military men do not invent basic war implements. This is indeed no condemnation. Military men are too busy fighting to invent. But in the past some of the staff officers have taken much time out to reject the world's great war inventions, and we are entitled to ask whether Brit-



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ain and Canada are doing anything to prevent this now. The need for inventions is greater than the need for planes. The air war is a race against inventors, as Hitler realizes, for the chances are 100 to 1 that an idea already maturing will put the bombers back on an even footing with other weapons.

Canada has an Inventions Board within the National Research Council. There is a fund being raised for development of war ideas. This is fine. But who is going to select the ideas to be developed? A committee of scientists, engineers and military experts. The writer, a scientist himself, cannot get very enthusiastic about this set-up. Experts can see only improvements on existing inventions and to them all else is far-fetched. But it is the far-fetched ideas we need.

Consider the United States Board of Inventions that functioned during the last war. Out of one hundred and ten thousand examined ideas, one was accepted. The secretary stated that "war is so old and its development has been so complete (i.e. in 1918!) that the ordinary untrained inventor is able to make no valuable contribution." There are two things wrong. Anyone who has had experience with inventors knows that one good idea in 110,000 is a preposterously low figure. And the quoted statement is pure falsehood. That particular Board cost a lot of money and accomplished nothing because it was a reject-and-file mill. It did a heroic amount of work thinking up reasons to turn down 109,999 inventions. And yet it is a fact that during the last war government money was spent training seals to chase submarines, because a scientist had suggested the potty scheme.

Wealth is a Help

Outside inventors who had connections could avoid the Board and sell their ideas to the Army and Navy. Thus John Hays Hammond, Jr., an exceptional example, was paid royalties on more than one hundred inventions used by the American forces. Hammond was wealthy enough to demonstrate his ideas with models. If he had taken them to the Board they would have been rejected, just as a certain eminent engineer told Sperry why his gyroscopic compass couldn't work even though it did. Only a few weeks ago an American science authority, writing for a newspaper syndicate about "screwy" war inventions, committed the terrible boner of laughing at a type of anti-aircraft shell being used by Britain and Ger-

many at this moment. Very likely that writer dug the idea out of the old Inventions Board files.

It is easy to comment on such painful errors. But what is to be done? It would seem essential to decide once and for all whether Canada is going to encourage inventors to submit for testing really new military ideas, or simply carry out development work on current conventional problems.

Week to Week

(Continued from Page 6)

nificent valor of our young men who have hurled their bodies into the imminent breach to stem the rush of barbarous inhumanity, let us for heaven's sake live up to it from now on. Let us resolve never again to act nationally as if what happens in the world outside of our four borders, or even outside of North America if we want that sort of isolationism, is no concern of ours. Let us determine what our influence is to be exerted for, and let us henceforth stand ready to exert it whenever the exertion is called for. This does not mean that we must be continually interfering with the affairs of other people; indeed if we are true to the liberal democratic tradition that we have inherited both from Great Britain and from France, it will mean rather that most of the time we shall have to be ready to prevent somebody else from interfering with the affairs of other people—that we shall have to throw our influence into whatever sort of a society or alliance or league or union of nations there may be which will seek to prevent Germans from trampling over Poles and Italians over Albanians unless there is a very good reason presented for the trampling. But it will mean also that we must preserve the strength of the military strength, the strength for defence, and for defence not alone of ourselves but of our friends, which is proper for eleven million people in one of the richest lands of the world. It will mean further that we shall have to stop leaving everything relative to foreign policy for determination at the last minute; to stop being colonial-minded, whether towards Great Britain or towards the United States; to stop thinking of ourselves as a child among the nations, incapable of having any influence or of knowing what to do with it if we had. Child among the nations indeed! We, the second greatest nation against which Germany and Italy are fighting!



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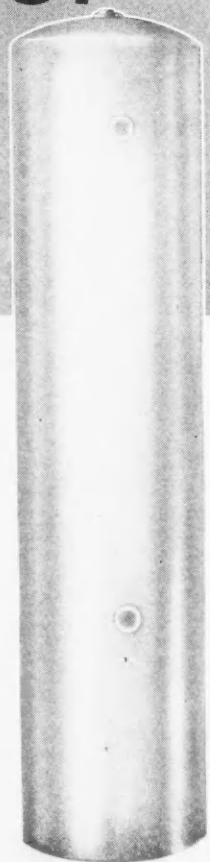


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Adventures in Imagination

BY TERENCE CRONYN

MOST people feel at one time or another the urge to seek adventure, to break the dullness of the daily routine in some dramatic or exciting way.

There are few people who ever find themselves in a position to appease this urge.

Yet the majority of men, including every parent, could find adventure if they knew where to look for it. The mistake that they make lies in a misconception of what constitutes adventure. They look on war, exploring strange lands, maintaining law and order activities which provide risk and new experiences as the goal of their desires. They fail to see the possibilities for adventure which lie about them at every hand: adventure into the realm of imagination. Of these possibilities the greatest is to be found in probing the mind of the child. It is the parent who is in the most favorable position in this regard.

All too often the parent fails to seize his opportunity: an opportunity to travel in realms of gold, to share the struggles of the young human in pursuit of wisdom. Surely no adventure could be greater than this.

The boy is healthy, full of animal spirits. He plays his games, does his work at school, sleeps and eats. The parent takes all this for granted and is thankful that it is so. He forgets that his son's imagination is a veritable flaming torch casting the white light of uninhibited doubt on the structure of adult behavior.

I know of what I speak because I have for so many years been closer to the minds of the sons of many of you parents than you will ever be. It is part of my business to know what the boys whom I teach and live with are thinking, and I often feel very sorry for their parents. Often I realize that I am getting more pleasure from their sons than they will ever get. It isn't fair. The son belongs to the parent and is the parent's responsibility. The parent should get more enjoyment, more adventure, out of his boy.

I will show you what I mean by practical demonstration.

The following essays are among those written by a class of boys whose average age is eleven years and six months. The boys were asked to write about "A Meeting with God"

or "A Conversation with God," and no suggestion was given to them as to what they should say. They were given twenty-five minutes in which to write. Thus they had no opportunity to write a rough copy first. In other words they wrote without hesitation, spontaneously.

To give them greater meaning these essays are printed exactly as they were written; not a letter nor a comma has been altered. They speak for themselves. They were written by normal, healthy boys such as your sons are. As you read, think of your son; the written word will become alive; the adventure will be apparent.

THE first was written by a boy who is just eleven years old. He is a gregarious, friendly boy, somewhat of a dreamer, and he generally stands half-way down in his class, or lower.

When I was playing golf, I heard a voice, and I thought nothing of it. I thought it was just the caddy talking to himself, so I went on playing golf. After about another five minutes I heard the same voice and I realized it came from inside, it said,

"I am the Lord god of Abraham. You have wished a good wish and your wish will be granted." I stammered and said to the caddy, The Lord god has spoken to me. "You remembering your forefathers have wished for them to be alive and they will be." "Is it time that my forefathers are going to be alive again?" "Yes my son your forefathers are going to be alive." "Oh its' to good to be true."

THE author of the second is eleven years and two months old. He stands first in the class in most subjects and is good at games. Despite his all round ability he shows no signs of personal conceit.

I have always wondered what it would be like to talk to somebody who could predict the future. As I was lying on my bed one night, I thinking how wonderful it would be if one could talk to . . . I woke up with a start, to see someone sitting on the end of my bed. He looked like a born commander.

I said to him, "What are you doing here?"

He said, "Thinking how foolish you human beings are." I said, "surely, you are a human being yourself aren't you?"

He said, "I may take the shape of a human being, but I am God." He pronounced these words in such a tone of majesty that I could not doubt his words. "This is a queer place for you to be though, isn't it?" "I have come to tell you some thing. Man is making a great mistake in life. He is being too selfish. Tell your fellow men that." With that He departed. I could never make out whether it was a vision or a dream.

THE following was written by the oldest boy in the form. He is just thirteen and finds most class-work difficult. He draws continuously and shows some aptitude as a cartoonist. He is greatly interested in the theatre, being an actor of considerable ability and an inspirer of extempore productions among other boys.

On my way to camp one year, I road in the cab of the train. The train was going at a good speed and I seemed to hear the noise of the train talking to me.



"Hellow! My boy" said a voice "I am God" I did not know what to do. "I think this world is very bad" said he.

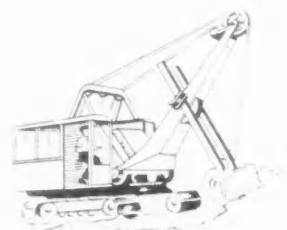
"So do I" said I in a funny tone. "What can I do for you my son?" he asked.

"I would like to be wise so I could stop this war some way" I said in a timid voice.

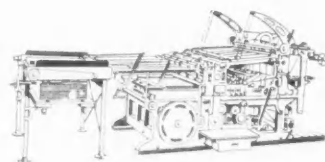
"Wise you shall be" said he. As he finished his words we pulled up to the camp.

THE next is from the pen, or rather the pencil (he never uses a pen unless he is forced to), of a truly remarkable boy. He is a little over eleven years old. His mind works like a flash and he scarcely ever sits still. He draws all the time, on scraps of paper, on exercise books, on anything.

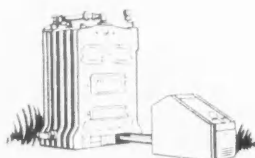
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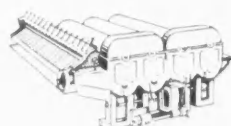
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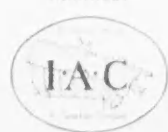
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A MAN AND HIS DOG. Sharing with his master the hardships of war, this puppy journeyed to Newfoundland when Canadian troops were transported to the historic colony recently by the Royal Canadian Navy.

In Imagination

(Continued from Page 10)

His class-work is satisfactory, although more often than not it could be more carefully and accurately done. He genuinely enjoys the music of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and he can see beauty in the sunset or in the sight of the early morning mist on distant hills.

It was on a dusty day in the crater of Vesuvius when I happened to meet GOD.

He said to me "Oh I do think this world is terrible."

I agreed it was.

Walking a few steps God said, "They should do something about that devil Hitler."

Again I agreed.

I remarked, "If this should go on the whole world would blow up!"

It did. For Vesuvius blew up and I went to Heaven and continued my conversation there.

THE one that follows is the work of a boy who is nearly twelve years old and is outstanding in games.

THE WRITIN' MAN

A WRITIN' man, they say, is he,
Behind a close-shut door,
Wid tappin' soundin' through the
panes
And papers on the floor.

You'd think you heard a blacksmith
pound
On horse-shoes made av tin,
And wonder at a stave so brave
From hands so pale and thin.

For, half a hundred hammers wait,
The anvil's but a sheet,
And, smithy like, he stirs the fire
And finds the proper heat.

So half a hundred hammers quick,
While still the iron is hot,
To shape the sullen curve av dream
And forge the shoe av thought.

Quick fall his ghostly hammer-blows
To mould some metalled phrase
And twist the iron av blighted hopes
To suit our idle days.

And when the shoe's all neatly
turned,
Made trim in calk and core,
That tired man hears a mounted
group

Swing laughin' past his door.

He knows just when they take the
hill,
He knows the world is wide,
And he knows he's made a gallant
shoe

For a horse he'll niver ride.

ARTHUR STRINGER.

His class-work is satisfactory but not remarkable in any way. He has self-effacing disposition and is universally popular.

One day as I walked out of my hotel and hailed a taxi a man walked up to me and asked if he might ride with me. He was a fine looking man with dark hair. I thought it would be all right, so I said he could. On the taxi he said, "Why did you trust me to come with you on this taxi?" That made think just why I had let him come with me. Then he asked me another question, "What is your name?" I told him that it was ----- (name deleted). It occurred to me again that I had told my name to a total stranger. But there was something about him that made me trust him. I began asking him questions, I asked him where his house was? He said his house was everywhere. I thought that that was a very queer answer. But it made me more anxious to hear more of his life. So I asked him what his occupation was. He said that, "everything is my work." Just then we reached our destination. I got out of the cab and turned back, back to help the man down there was no man in the cab except the driver. It then dawned on me that the man must have been God.

THE best has been kept to the last. It was written by a boy who is eleven and a half years old. He is young for his age and has a happy, harum-scarum disposition. His work is generally careless to a degree and his hand-writing is execrable. This effort is by far his best to date, but he

shows considerable promise of original work to come.

At the capital of God's kingdom which was heaven, I had just come up from earth to report to God the doings of certain people.

When I had come to the gate of heaven I showed one of the men there my card which was a sort of pass. When I came near to God's house, he called me, "Bill, Bill ---- (last name deleted)."

"Yes," I said.

"What news do you bring me?" He said.

"Sir, I bring you bad news. There is about to be a Great World War, all the cause of one man."

"That is very bad news indeed," He said.

"What can I do about it?" I said.

"Nothing," he said. We will let them fight it out for a while the this one man shall suffer. As for you," he said putting his hand on my head.

"Yes," I said.

"You go down and try to keep others out of it," he said.

Soon I was on my long trip earthward to do my duty for God.

Here we have adventure. Six young minds attempt to conceive the inconceivable: God. With the insight of uncomplicated thought they light on truth; in the words of one, "He said his house was everywhere." They meet him on a golf-course, in bed, in the cab of an engine, on Mount Vesuvius, in a taxi, and at the gates of heaven. One is gratified by the thought that God is going to permit him to see his forefathers—to adult minds a somewhat doubtful joy. Four seek a cure for the curse of Hitlerism. One asks for wisdom to stop the war; one thinks of the selfishness of man; another asks God to do some-

thing about Hitler; and another asks for guidance as to what he can do to improve the situation. All look on God as a friend; there is no element of awe in their attitude towards him.

Have you ever got anything like that out of your boy? Have you made any effort to get it? It's there all right; something of the kind is in every boy. If I, the school master, can get it, how much more easily should you, the parent, be able to do so. You have your son's affection, and you can have his confidence. If you haven't, you can not share his adventures in imagination. You are missing the chance of your life-time.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The Problem of Controlling the Controllers

IN ORGANIZING Canada to make its full war contribution the public is interested in but one thing—results. Canadians are not concerned as to who does the job or the manner in which it is done. Yet in the huge administrative job that must be perfected before Canada's efforts are really effective for anything but propaganda pictures, there are certain aspects that might well be improved.

The efficiency of the Government in peace depends largely on the men who hold the key positions in the Civil Service. With the expansion for war it was found necessary to bring into the Government service men who have had no relation to a civil service and who have spent all their working years in private industry. Some of these, the dollar-a-year-men, have been placed in the unusual position of working for the Government and being paid by private industry.

In some cases the "dollar men" are working in departments dealing with their own industry. In their cases there is the conflict of interest and duty which may lead to distrust and in some cases to unfortunate results for the nation as well as the individuals concerned.

BY POLITICUS

Ideally every man working for the Government should be completely in the Government service and paid by the Government. None of them should be in the position where there is a possible conflict of interest and duty. None of them should be obligated to anyone but their employers—the people of Canada.

Every minister should have complete control over everyone in his department. It is difficult to exercise full control if the person serving is in the position of saying: "I'll do it my way or I'll go home." A man can't go home if his livelihood depends on his employer any more than the man who enlists in the Army can say: "I don't like my sergeant. I quit." And then proceed to climb into his civilian clothes.

Controllers in Control

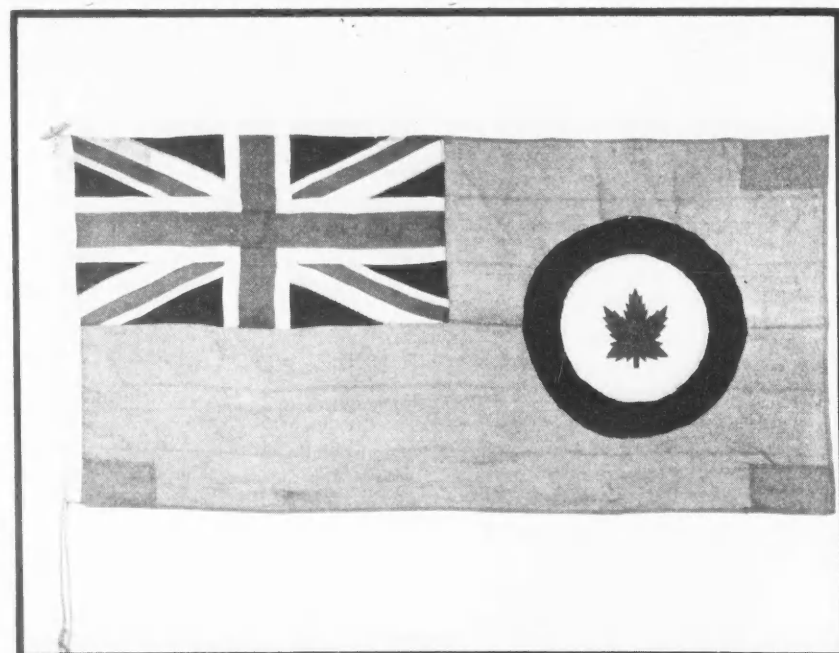
But the real problem in the administrative set-up is that of the Controllers in the Munitions and Supply department. Here we have men with the greatest possible power and in a position to use that power without

any safeguards to protect members of the industry whom the Controllers are appointed to judge and sentence without appeal.

Here we have the Controllers in the position of controlling the industry with powers in some aspects so absolute that they are staggering. Yet there is nothing to prevent anyone appointed a Controller from continuing in a dominant position with the industry he is controlling. The power of death over even an unimportant part of industry should not, as a principle, be entrusted to a member of that industry unless there are sufficient safeguards to protect members of that industry who may not be members of a dominant or even influential group.

At present there are six controllers. G. R. Cottrell is the oil controller. H. J. Symington is the power controller. Thomas Arnold is the machine tool controller. H. R. McMillan is the timber controller. Hugh D. Scully is the steel controller. G. C. Bateman is the metals controller.

Here we have six gentlemen who have power as individuals without restraint, which for their own sakes as well as for the good of the industry



AN R.C.A.F. ENSIGN HAS BEEN DESIGNED to provide a distinctive flag for the Royal Canadian Air Force. The main part of the flag is sky blue, with the Union Jack in the upper left hand corner. The outside circle is dark blue with a white bullseye and a red maple leaf in the centre.

and the country as a whole they should not have.

The extent of their powers is not realized until one has had a look at the order-in-council appointing them.

First of all is the Wartime Industries Control Board. P. C. 2715, dated June 24, 1940, sets up the Board. It is to consist of the Controllers from time to time appointed by the Governor-in-Council on the recommendation of the Minister of Munitions and Supply. The Controllers are to meet "from time to time at the call of the Chairman or Secretary thereof."

Extensive Powers

Actually the Board meets rarely. The only purpose for a meeting of the Board has been when there is conflict of the work of one Controller as against the work of another. The Board does not make orders. The orders are made by the Controllers themselves. So the Board does not provide any safeguard against any action in any sphere in which the Controller has absolute control.

For purposes of discussion take the example of the Oil Controller. Order-in-Council 2818, dated June 28, 1940, appoints George Richardson Cottrell, Esquire, of the City of Toronto, as Oil Controller. Under section (2) (g) he has the right to "issue and reissue permits and licenses to any person, firm or corporation, buying, selling, mining for, producing, processing, refining, storing, transporting, importing, exporting or in any way dealing in oil, and to suspend, cancel or refuse to issue any such permit or license wherever the Controller deems it to be in the public interest to do so, and subject to the approval of the Minister, to fix the fees payable for the issue of such permits and licenses and to prescribe the manner, procedure, terms and conditions under which such permits and licenses shall be obtained."

Or as in the case of (2) (h) "to prohibit any or every person, firm or corporation from buying, selling, mining, drilling for, producing, processing, refining, storing, transporting, exporting, importing or otherwise dealing with or in oil unless licensed by the Controller."

Or as in the case of (2) (i) "to prohibit the construction of or the making of any structural change or addition to any building, factory, still or plant used or to be used for mining, drilling for, producing, processing, refining, storing or otherwise dealing with oil."

Once the fees are fixed and the conditions of license are made, the oil controller can do almost anything.

He can, by virtue of the power given him in his appointment, do anything he likes within the industry. He can "enter on, take possession of and utilize any land, plant, refinery, storage tank, factory or building, used or capable of being used for mining, drilling for, producing, processing, refining or storing of oil, and...take possession of any vehicles, tank vessels, tank cars, tank trucks, locomotives or other means of transportation required for any

purposes in connection with the operation of the aforesaid plant, refinery, storage tank, factory or building or the transportation of oil."

There are many more sections which give the Oil Controller the power of life and death over any members of the industry. Those powers, except for changes to fit the particular industry, are the powers given to all the other Controllers. Those are huge and almost unbelievable powers placed in the hands of one individual in each case.

As the situation stands at present there is, in the cases of the absolute sections, no control over the Controller whatever. Since those powers are necessary in time of war, they should not be placed in the hands of one person who may encounter the conflict between his interest and his duty.

A safeguard in the case of all the Controllers might well be in the alteration of the complexion of the Wartime Industries Control Board so that no member of it may have any interest, direct or indirect, in any of the industries they control. It is for their own protection as well as the protection of the public who may feel that there is the possibility of the "I Haves" in an industry saying to the "I Wants": "You Can't."

In the alternative, all the Controllers could sit on the Board plus the addition of the equal number plus one of senior civil servants or others not in the industries controlled. And it might be well if the Chairman of that Board were the deputy minister of the department of Munitions and Supply.

The advantage of the senior Civil Servants sitting on the Board is that they must have only one master and their livelihood depends on their service to that master—the citizens as a whole.

That a Controller does not have to be a specialist in the industry is exemplified in the case of the steel Controller.

Politicus is told that the steel industry could not decide on a Controller out of the industry. So Hugh D. Scully, Customs Commissioner, was appointed Steel Controller. Mr. Scully, by virtue of his work in the Customs, has a wide knowledge of the steel industry. He could equally act in the position of any one of the other Controllers. There must be more men like him in the Civil Service who by their experience could be capable members of a wartime industries control board. Mr. Scully is not in a position where interest and duty can conflict.

The work of the Controllers is really administrative and does not require intimate knowledge of the technique of the industries concerned. Those who are really technical experts in the industries concerned could always be available in an advisory capacity.

Public confidence is one of the important things necessary in the doing of a public job. It is the public that is really most affected by control, and will have to win or lose most by the wise or bad judgments of the Controllers.

WHAT OTHERS SAY...

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English-Speaking Unity

BY LIONEL GELBER

AS THE world crisis deepens and as an English-speaking combine takes shape, Canadians will seek to evaluate the part they have been called upon to play. For this is a notable one, even if the heart of the British Commonwealth still must beat not on their trans-Atlantic soil but in its hallowed and proper home. In the Battle of Europe the Dominion is engaged without reserve; in the defence of her own hemisphere she has started on a far-reaching co-operative program. Yet, complementary rather than contradictory, both of these efforts are but two aspects of the same trend. For the fall of European nations in the war for freedom coincides with the rise of Canada.

At the Imperial Conference of 1926, Britain and the Dominions reported that they were equal in status but not in function; fourteen years later Canada tends also to be an equal in function. Abandoning none of the sentiments which have brought her again into war (and on this occasion by her own autonomous choice) she is now not less of a Dominion but more than one. At a turning-point in history, when the United Kingdom strides forth as the gladiator of humanity almost alone, Canada has become Britain's principal ally. A Dominion she remains; a Britannic Power of middle rank in world politics she has likewise come to be. Standing not as a Great Power and yet no longer a small one but somewhere between, she herself is still too preoccupied with the European catastrophe which hastened her elevation, to pause and take stock. But this incuriosity will not last. Self-scrutiny is inevitable, and the need to ascertain how next to chart her course.

Britain's Chief Ally

What must be the influence of such an advance on intra-Imperial relations? That it will be beneficial, none familiar with the flexibility of Commonwealth ties can doubt. For it signals no impairment of vigour within the Empire but an added force. On Canadian-American relations its effect has already been manifest.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Gelber, the first of which appeared last week, on the subject of Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Gelber is an authority on this subject, having written the standard history of it some three years ago.

Armed and alert, Canada is not only strong in the amplitude of her resources and the technical aptitudes of her populace to a degree far exceeding her numbers. She also has ceased to be under any implicit, one-sided and quite unequal protection of the Monroe Doctrine (which in turn relied for its sanction on the benevolent world preponderance of the Royal Navy). Before she could manage to settle down as its ward she has become a partner—even if a junior partner in upholding it. Neither as the principal ally of Britain, nor as a partner of the United States, is her capacity as great as theirs; her capacity in both categories entitles her, nevertheless, to treatment appropriate to her rank. Among the countries of the Western Hemisphere, Canada will be more closely associated with the United States than any of the latter's other good neighbors. But as the principal ally of Britain it is in the world arena that she has been and will be winning her spurs.

In England and the United States most writers and teachers of modern history have seldom put Anglo-American friendship where it belongs, in the forefront of twentieth-century politics. But its importance to the future of civilization now being obvious, even they will have to raise their eyes and open their minds to the realities of our epoch. So decisive has Anglo-American friendship become that neither Britain nor the United States could risk serious disension. But if they did, Canada would be the first to feel its consequences. For that reason the more she does to help Britain and the more she does to assist the United States, the greater her right and national interest to be an intermediary whenever they need one. Geog-

raphy now renders the Dominion a go-between not only in diplomacy but in facilitating the immense contribution, short of war, by the United States to a common cause.

Unity Replaces Division

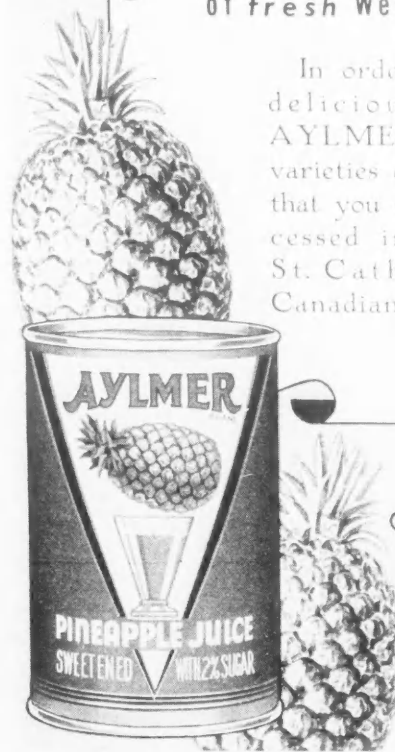
Yet for long (and not without good grounds) Canada was a source of division rather than unity; until Canadian-American differences were eliminated during the past forty years. Downing Street could never breathe easily about its relations with Washington. Nor has the view of any conflict between the British and American affinities of the Dominion been fostered by the most prescient Imperialists since Disraeli. Have the resounding speeches of Joseph Chamberlain at the end of the nineteenth century, has one of the prime motives of Cecil Rhodes's Oxford bequest been forgotten? For to them, as to Arthur Balfour and Edward Grey, concerted action between the British Empire and the American Republic was the one sure means of securing the welfare of each and of safeguarding for all the free society of the West.

In Canada's outlook, then, no re-orientation is required so far as Britain and the United States are concerned. If anything, it is perhaps in their attitude towards her that some subtle adjustment may still be desirable—an adjustment affording recognition of her status as a Britannic Power of medium rank in international affairs, the new partner of the one, the principal ally of the other. But great tasks entail great responsibilities; Canada cannot shoulder the former, as she is doing, without incurring the latter. Unless her exertions are, after the peace, to be barren of result, she will have a stake commensurate with her new international stature in reorganizing the post-war world. And the use she makes of this—of her heavier obligations and enlarging opportunities—must depend on the extent to which the mentality of her people has kept pace with the march of events.

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country, she is harassed by racial and sectional tensions which often menace her with political paralysis; an intelligent, progressive country, her intellectuals, unable fully to exercise their talents and failing to obtain high office in the service of the State, grow timid, querulous and skeptical not only of her potential greatness but of her actual power. In the final analysis, it is neither the attitude of Britain and the United States towards Canada that might be modified nor hers towards them. What she really should do is lift her head, throw out her chest and exhibit more downright self-confidence. It is not the attitude of others but her own diffident attitude towards her-

self that she must alter; and, particularly, as it is reflected in international affairs. For international affairs hardly figure in her public life, as the absence from it of the expert or well-instructed would seem to show. Yet in one generation she has fought two major wars because of conditions overseas which she was to find utterly inimical to all she holds dear; for her, as for every other democracy, there are no weightier issues. At the cross-roads of the English-speaking peoples, she must in justice to herself, to her Commonwealth ally and her continental partner, that she might still further reinforce their fellowship of freedom, prepare to play her bigger role.

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THE LONDON LETTER

The Londoner Wants His Fun Despite the Bombs

BY P.O'D.

Sept. 2nd, 1940 (Delayed).

JUST a year ago when Hitler began his war, all sorts of drastic restrictions went into force in London. No theatres, no cinemas, no sports meetings, no crowds, a general shut-down, in fact, on anything that would keep people out late, or bring them together in large numbers, except where such risks were unavoidable.

As the months went by, however, and nothing very much happened, these restrictions were gradually relaxed until there was very little left to remind us that we were at war. The hours for theatres and cinemas were earlier, but the shows ran, and audiences were as big and apparently as care-free as ever.

Cricket matches, "soccer" matches, greyhound racing, all were permitted, though there was a sort of half-hearted attempt to restrict the size of the crowds. London, in fact, behaved itself and enjoyed itself much as it had done in the pleasant days of peace.

Now that air-raids have become a regular feature of London's day and night life, it becomes obvious that a great many of these restrictions perhaps all of them will have to be re-imposed. There may even be new and still more drastic restrictions. It isn't a matter of being "windy", but the obviously sensible and necessary aim of keeping casualties down to the minimum.

The chief difficulty is that the average Londoner isn't nearly "windy" enough about air-raids. He is too much inclined to regard them as an ill-mannered interference with his business or his pleasure—especially his pleasure and to treat them with contempt or defiance.

At "soccer" matches recently, when players have been ordered off the field during a raid, crowds have stood

and booed them and the police, while the aeroplanes wheeled and fought over their heads. And yet those thousands packed together in the open are just the sort of target to gladden the Nordic heart. Fortunately the raiders were kept much too busy to be able to do anything about it. But there is no guarantee that some day the bombs won't fall, and it is horrible to think of what the consequences might be.

People in theatre queues go on standing or sitting, undisturbed by the warnings or, at any rate, unwilling to obey them. The thought of being bombed apparently alarms them much less than the thought of losing their place in the line.

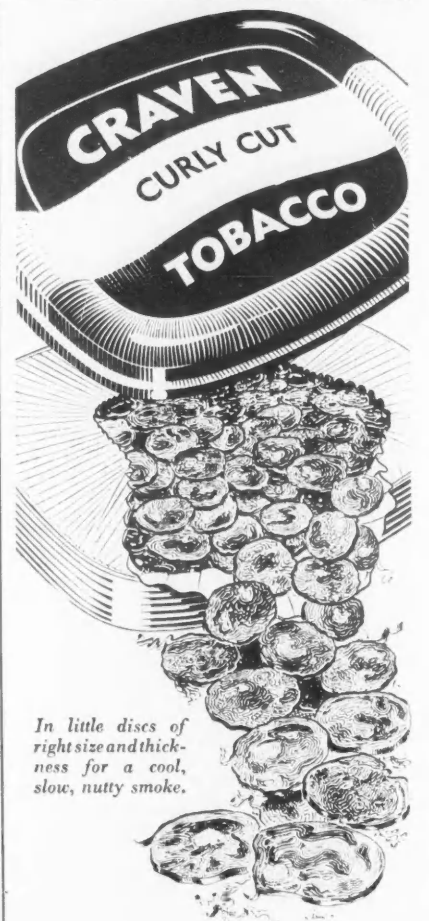
Even the buses have become a problem to stop or not to stop? The rule for ordinary traffic during a raid is for vehicles to pull in to the side of the road, and for passengers to take shelter. Some buses do, but most buses don't. Those that do are in for a rough time with their passengers. There are stories of drivers and conductors being almost mobbed, though it is obviously their right to refuse to go on. It is even, in a sense, their duty.

All these and a lot of other problems call for some sort of authoritative solution—so far as such solutions can be imposed. The authorities may not be able to force the individual man or woman into a shelter, or keep them there, but they can certainly close down on theatres and sporting spectacles and the gathering of crowds. And something of the kind seems likely to be done, something drastic. How London will hate it!

Lecturers Should Stay Home

The British Government is naturally doing all it can to maintain and increase British exports. But there is one form of export that it would do well to ration severely or even to cut out altogether. That is the export of lecturers, especially lecturers to the United States. These well-meaning but voluble persons seem to do a lot more harm than good. And the time they do most harm is generally when they are trying to do most good as Sir George Paish is discovering.

In England Sir George is known as a very eminent economist, especially in regard to the economics of railways. He has published a number of books on the subject, books which I hope never to have to read, but which are quoted with respect. He was for many years editor of The Statist. He is a Governor of The London School of Economics. During the last war he was an adviser to the British Treasury. As economists go, his has been a dis-



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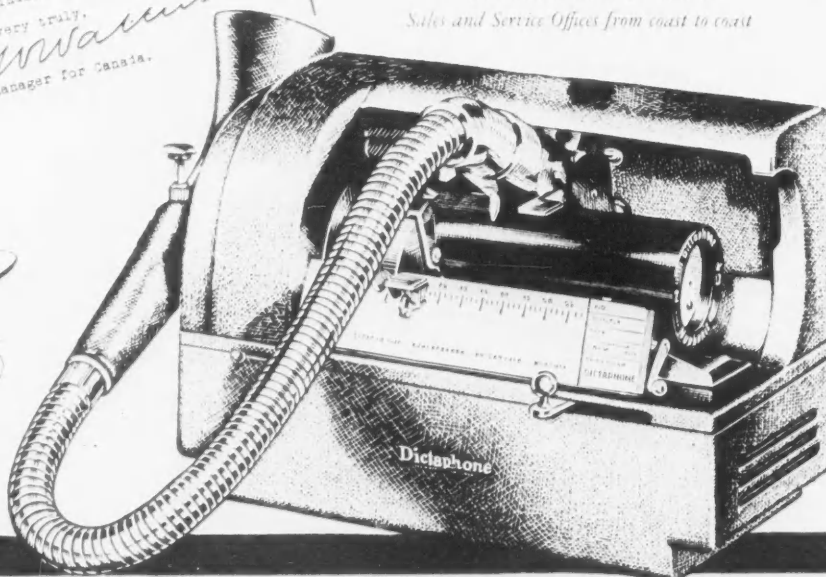
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try and the United States. It is a high and noble purpose, but it is one that calls for tact and insight such as few men possess. Sir George doesn't. He advances upon his delicate task with the cautious precision of a charging buffalo. Hence all the horrid results that are filling the newspapers and serving as fuel to the Isolationist fires.

People who know Sir George are not altogether surprised. It is not the first time that he has dropped an international brick. He did it in 1920, when he went to the United States on an entirely unofficial mission to raise something like £2,000,000,000 what are a few billions between friends? for the economic restoration of Europe. What he did raise was a storm that caused the British Government to disown him, just as they have had to disown him this last time.

Poor Sir George, with the tornado howling about his venerable head—after all, he is seventy-three—says that he "can't understand the commotion". Neither can people over here. When eminent Americans in this country shoot off their bazooks rather recklessly, as some of them occasionally do, people raise their eyebrows a little and dismiss it as a piece of personal balderdash. What they cannot understand is the extraordinary American respect for lecturers, especially titled ones. No one would dream of taking Sir George seriously here outside his own particular field.

No doubt this storm will quickly die away, as such storms do, but the danger remains. There ought to be a special export license for lecturers, granted very sparingly and with every precaution. In fact, it would perhaps be best to let nobody go except people like P. G. Wodehouse. He might do a lot of good. He would at least serve the great purpose of cheering everyone up. And he could be trusted to drop no bricks. Like all real humorists, he is a man of tact and sense.

The Local Grocer Goes Doty

Calling in the other day on a local grocer, I found him in a state of almost complete dither, with his hair rumpled, perspiration on his brow, and a wild glare in his eye. He was trying to catch up with all the coupons he has to count every day, and all the forms he has to fill.

"Look at 'em!" he groaned. "Thousands and thousands of 'em! They're fair drivin' me dotty. My assistants are called up for the Army, and they give me all this to do 'ours of it every night, and Sundays, too. If I could afford it, I'd 'ave one of these 'ere nervous breakdowns."

Most other grocers are in the same tough spot. And not only grocers—any of the little tradesmen that have to deal with the rationing system. The burden upon them has become so heavy that deputations have been consulting the Ministry of Food to see if something cannot be done to relieve the strain. And something will have to be done, or the whole rationing system may break down from the sheer inability of the shopkeepers to cope with their complicated duties.

Fortunately Lord Woolton, the Food Minister, is a practical man with an immense experience of retail trade. He has promised that an effort will be made to simplify forms and cut out inessentials. The official mind rejoices in the multiplication of such things. But it is the little grocer and his compeers that have to carry the system out; and the little grocer nears the end of his tether.

Last of Victorian Patriarchs

The Duke of Bedford, who died last week at the age of 82, was perhaps the last of his kind, a great Victorian nobleman who lived in the Victorian almost the pre-Victorian manner. As owner, not only of immense country estates, but also of wide stretches of property in the heart of London, he was one of the wealthiest men in England.

It was therefore no particular strain for him to maintain life on the ancestral scale, even in these days of mountainous taxation. But he did some years ago sell a large block of his Covent Garden property at a price running into millions,

it was said—and also a couple of his estates in Cambridgeshire and Devon. When you have as many estates as that, what do a few more or less matter?

The really distinctive thing about him was his intense preoccupation with his own land and his own people. He had no political or social ambitions—possibly the phrase hasn't much meaning for an eleventh duke who is also a multi-millionaire. If he had an ambition at all, it was that his estates should be the best run and his people the happiest in the country.

He did everything he could to bring about that pleasant result. By all accounts, he very largely succeeded, for in his quiet way he was an able and also energetic man. He

may occupy very little space in the chronicles of his time, but it is likely that a great many simple country folk will cherish his memory. He was the last of the Victorian patriarchs.

Beyond the scientific up-to-dateness of his agricultural methods, almost the only trace of modernity he ever displayed was when he wanted to have an aeroplane incorporated in his coat-of-arms. This was in honor of his duchess, the amazing old lady who at the age of seventy and more used still to fly solo. One day she flew out over the North Sea and was never seen again.

The College of Heralds—unfortunately, I think—refused to have anything to do with the suggestion. They were as shocked by it as one

of King Arthur's paladins might have been. The old Duke bowed to authority, but he did say that he thought the decision was rather hard on "today's knights and dames of the air". So it is. There are a lot of modern escutcheons on which an aeroplane rampant would be much more appropriate than a unicorn.

The Old Home Guard Tie

The Home Guard is getting on very nicely, thank you—speaking as a member. The King has been reviewing us up and down the country, most of us have some sort of uniform, a great many of us have rifles instead of shot-guns and ball-cartridge (a combination at least as dangerous to the firer as to the free), and now,

it seems, we are to have a special Home Guard tie.

No true Englishman feels that he really belongs, whether to a school or a regiment of a golfing society, or that the institution itself really belongs, until he is given a special tie. Americans may require gaudy aprons and sashes and flamboyant hats, but an Englishman is satisfied with a tie. Only he demands a tie for almost everything, so that ties go on multiplying, all sorts of ties, until it seems that every possible combination and permutation of stripe and color must surely be exhausted. And it must be stripes—that seems to be the unwritten law—though odd little quirks and fancies are sometimes worked into them, foxes' heads and anchors and crowns and roses.



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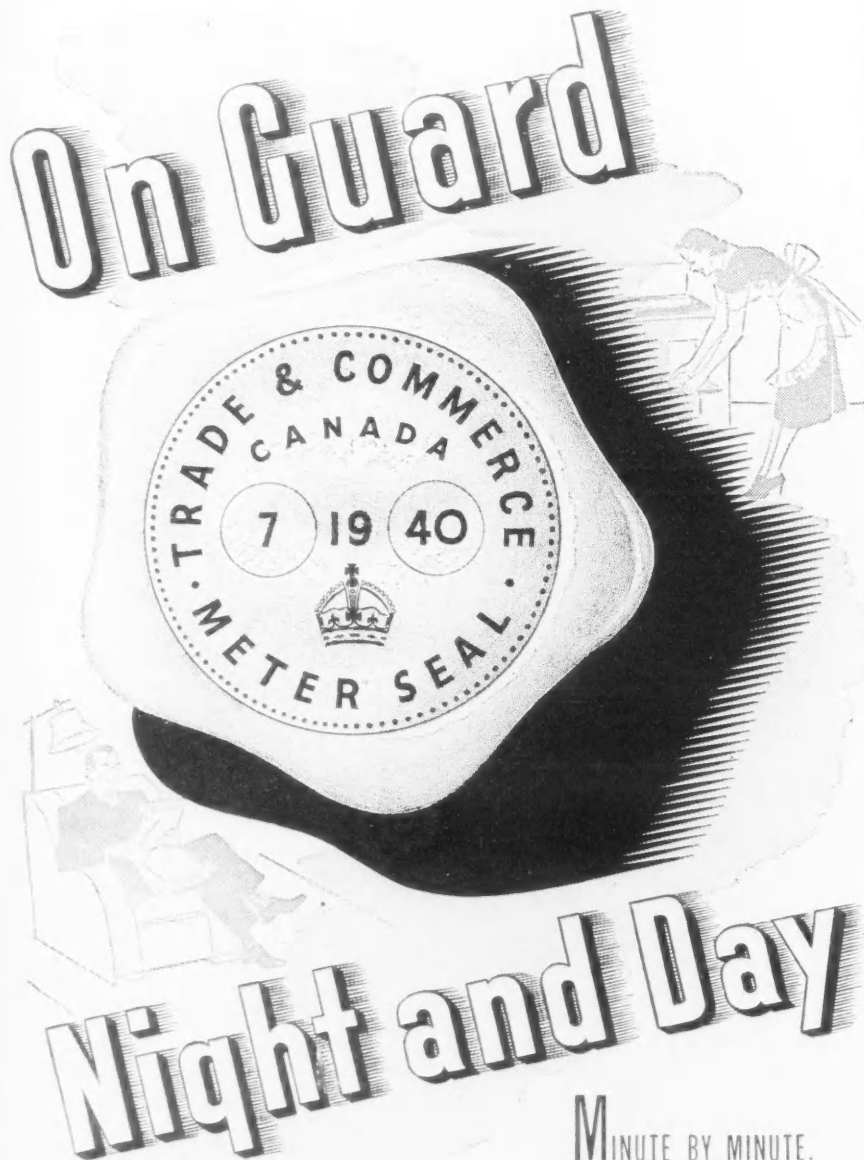
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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY HAROLD F. SUTTON

A Close-up of Nazi Gangsters

BY J. V. McAREE

CAESARS IN GOOSE STEP, by William D. Bayles. Musson. Illustrated. \$4.

OF THE making of books about the Nazi leaders there is no end. This is one of the best of them by a young American journalist who spent several years in Germany and was able to form first-hand impressions. He talked to most of the leaders though there is no record of an interview with Hitler who for some time past has declined personal contact with foreign correspondents. According to Mr. Bayles, he is a smaller man than we had supposed, standing 5 ft. 5½ inches, is awkward in his movements, and his mustache is not black but a faded brown. He has blue eyes and the Nazi belief that they have a kind of hypnotic power has been sedulously cultivated. He is sallow and his cheeks are puffy, a result of chronic indigestion and biliousness. His abstemiousness and vegetarianism are probably due to the same causes.

One curious thing we find about almost all the Nazi leaders as they appear in this book. It is not likely that the world, or even Germany, would have heard of one of them had it not been for their revolution. Before the Great War they were nobodies. In the war few of them achieved any distinction. After the war they were just the same kind of flotsam that formed bread lines in other countries. Von Ribbentrop might have achieved some distinction as a go-getter, but he is of the type which as likely as not might wind up in jail as the result of some

ambitious swindle or blackmailing adventure.

This is not to deny them as a group unusual qualities. It is merely to call attention to the fact that these qualities were best exercised and developed in murder, terrorism and war. Dr. Robert Ley, Hitler's labor boss, is the prototype of the Tammany kind of union leader who terrorizes employers and robs his own followers. He commended himself to Hitler by his merits as a rough house artist. Bayles gives an interesting portrait of Ley when he met him first. "He was sitting at the head of a long table, slopped with spilt beer and wine, and strewn with cigar and cigarette butts, broken glass, bread crusts and the remains of meals. He was in a soiled brown uniform and his huge florid face and baldish head were streaked with blood, because he had cut his hand on a broken glass and then wiped the blood over his face and into his hair. With him were half a dozen toping Nazi officials in uniform, one of whom lay on a sofa completely unconscious."

While a good deal has been said about the supposed asceticism of Hitler's life, the other leaders are a crowd of drinking womanizers, with the exception of Hess and Himmler. They make no effort to conceal their sudden wealth. They live with all the ostentatious vulgarity of the old time Forty-Niner who struck it rich, and Hitler makes no effort to check them. Their carousing is often a scandal to an older generation of Germans but of course there is no

(Continued on Next Page)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Two Views of France

BY B. K. SANDWELL

TRAGEDY IN FRANCE, by André Maurois. Musson. \$2.75.

L'ACCUSE, by André Simone. Longmans, Green. \$3.00.

IT IS one of the great merits of André Maurois's book that it is impossible to read it and not feel one's love for France rekindled, even in this her darkest hour. It is not, one concludes, the fault of the French people that France has been laid low; indeed the only difference between France and Britain is a little more time for preparation, secured by the waters of the English Channel. France and Britain were equally in error as to the nature of the war; they equally believed that the task was not that of hanging on in 1940, which would be easy, but of saving up resources and preparing munitions for 1941 and 1942; they equally failed to learn from Poland's *blitzkrieg* until France's *blitzkrieg* made the lesson unmistakable—too late for France, but not, fortunately, for Britain. The French troops were just as brave as the British; the French civilians behaved ruinously in the path of the invasion, but they were subjected to an experience such as we may well pray that no British community will ever have to undergo.

M. Maurois is scrupulously fair even about the rage against Great Britain that seized the French when, after the evacuation from Dunkirk of the British force which had (by little fault of its own) lost everything it possessed in equipment, the British government found it impossible to throw any more land forces into the Battle of France. "It is hard to see how they could have reached it," let alone how a single man of them

could have escaped in the event of defeat.) Maurois said to French Ambassador Corbin, "It is strange that in the tenth month of the war the English have no army." But Corbin replied, and Maurois gives his reply in full, that the mistake was made by the French in going to war without demanding a specific pledge of as many divisions as in 1914. "The myth about the power of defence and about fortified lines blinded our general staff and our ministers."

MAUROIS says that the Churchill offer of a single government for the two countries and "all resources in common" would have "changed the course of the war" if made a few weeks earlier. One may be permitted to doubt. What is saving Britain is the time that has had to elapse between the realization of the terrific imminence of the danger and the arrival of the blow itself. That time has allowed of the unification of a country which up to March was almost as divided internally as France. No such respite was possible for France after the collapse of Belgium.

Recent French politics are presented by Maurois as carried on by decent and patriotic men of moderate competence who hated one another only less than their mistresses hated one another. M. Simone presents them as carried on by corrupt and greedy scoundrels, aided by an incredibly venal press; and he gives the full names of the mistresses where Maurois uses initials. He hates Bonnet, and believes that a Popular Front government could have saved France. He claims that big business and high officials sabotaged the war. Truth is probably somewhere between M. Maurois and M. Simone.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Fine Novelist Lush in Memoirs

BY W. S. MILNE

THE WORLD I KNEW, by Louis Golding. Macmillan. \$3.50.

I WAS a bit disappointed in this book. I think a good deal of Mr. Golding's work as a novelist, and expected more from him in this autobiography than he has chosen to give. His chief recreation has been travel, and he has very seldom finished a book in the same country as he began it in. "The World I Knew" is a series of pictures of places he has visited or lived in, linked together by a very slight thread of autobiographical material. He gives us plenty of variety; France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Mesopotamia, Greece, Spain, North Africa, Italy, Sicily, Palestine, Russia, Scotland, England, Ireland, and the United States, including Hollywood. He seems to have had the knack of making queer friends and getting into strange situations. He has been bosom pal of Chicago bootleggers and New York pugilists; he has played a barrel organ for pennies in the streets of Corinth; he has been "Tic-tac man" on an English greyhound-racing track; he has written for the movies on the spot, and has worked with C. B. Cochran in the production of the stage version of "Magnolia Street;" he has been shaved in a Texas barber college, and eaten with the lotus eaters on a Mediterranean island. He has distinguished himself as skier and mountain-climber, both by accident. He is a ping-pong addict, and collects cherubs. He is the author of a dozen or more novels, some of them best sellers. He has also written verse, short stories, travel books, and literary criticism. "The World I Knew" ought to be quite a book.

The trouble with it is its style. Everything is over-written. There is a lushness of language, a childlike delight in simile and metaphor for their own sakes, a super-abundance of purple patches that makes one long for an honest bit of homespun. Louis Golding can write with much

more distinction than H. V. Morton, but here he is Morton at his worst, without Morton's sound journalistic instinct for changing the subject. He implies that his two "In the Steps of Moses" books were inspired by Morton's "In the Steps of the Master," and I am afraid that the Morton influence has had something to do with the genesis of this book. Now, I like Mr. Morton's travel books, and I like Mr. Golding's novels. But I don't like Mr. Golding when he tries to write like Mr. Morton. It may be because Mr. Morton's outlook is essentially English and matter-of-fact, and Mr. Golding's is essentially Jewish and mystical.

There is plenty of most interesting material in the book. One cannot read the accounts of his visits to pre-war France, Germany, Austria without an interest that is not entirely due to the war. His impressions of New York before and after the 1929 crash are pertinent and pointed. Best of all are his accounts of how his novels came to be written, and of how he was hag-ridden by his characters up to the day of publication.

Nazi Gangsters

(Continued from Page 16)

public opinion to which they have to conform, and nobody dares criticize them but themselves. They are far from being a happy band of brothers and the writer thinks that if anything happened to Hitler there might be a bloody scramble for his shoes. Among the interesting photographs is one of Rudolph Hess who might be the brother of Richard Hauptmann, so far as appearance is concerned. There are sketches of the leading generals, none of whom seems to be anything approaching a genius. There is little in this book that has not been made public in other sources, but it is none the less valuable. It contains all that the average man wants to know about the gangsters who are now making their bid for world domination.

AT THE THEATRE

Another Great Barrymore

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

IT IS always a great pleasure to watch a Noel Coward play, because there is never a minute when one is not conscious of enjoying the cleverness of something. If there is nothing else, there is always the cleverness of Mr. Coward. But to tell the truth he never hogs the cleverness; he is generous, as few playwrights are, in giving his actors the chance to show that they too can be clever. Part of the success of that extraordinary thing, the nine plays under one title called "Tonight at 8.30," is due to its enabling the actors to show their versatility in playing in one evening, so that one can't possibly miss it—not only three different characters apiece, but three different if always Cowardish atmospheres. Put on a fresh cast for each play, and the thing would be as dull as a Drama Festival.

In the original London production the actors no doubt did all three atmospheres equally well. In the original Toronto performance of three years ago I think I remarked that they succeeded in the sophisticated West End stuff better than in the broader characters. Mr. Bramwell Fletcher's group, now giving a splendid evening's fun at the Royal Alexandra, do best in the character work. That brittle jewel, "Hands Across the Sea," was amusing but not convincing; Miss Ann Andrew romped rather than flitted through the part

of Piggie, and Mr. Fletcher's musical code-signals to her lacked the true airiness of the British Navy. But the two other items (I suppose these are the best three—or rather the three best—out of the nine, but I should hate to choose) were magnificent.

"Fumed Oak" I somehow missed in 1937. It is the bitterest play of the lot, and was played for all it is worth by Miss Andrews, Miss Barrymore and Miss Valerie Valaire as three of the most detestable women ever put on the stage, and Mr. Fletcher as the little man who wins in the end. It must be at least as good as last time.

And "Red Peppers" is quite definitely better than in the earlier production, for it has the benefit of Diana Barrymore in a really stunning performance of the lady vaudeville artist. Miss Barrymore's English accent may not be perfect, but her knowledge of vaudeville artists is. She has absolutely no scruples about letting herself go, and yet she never lets herself go out of the picture. Her teamwork with Mr. Fletcher was amazing, since they can hardly have been working together very long; and teamwork is the very essence of this play's effectiveness. That this young woman can be as great an artist as any Barrymore of the lot I have no doubt whatever, and I do not think Toronto will ever have the chance of seeing her at these prices again.

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THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

WORLD OF WOMEN

Schiaparelli Brings Paris To Canada

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THE second greatest French speaking city of the world assumed some of the character of Paris when Madame Elsa Schiaparelli arrived in Montreal recently. She had come to lecture and attend the showing of designs created by her since arriving in the United States.

Schiaparelli is responsible for many revolutions in women's clothes. She gave women square shoulders. She shortened their skirts at a time when long skirts seemed firmly entrenched. She was first to introduce a wonderful daffiness into hats. It is she who is responsible for evening jackets, for the use of chains instead of buttons on coats and jackets; for dog-leash belts. She is a woman of inexhaustible and revolutionary ideas, daring and sheer artistry. Many of the fashions she has introduced have been jeered at . . . but they have been vast successes. In short, she is one of the truly great designers.

The press met Schiaparelli early in the morning in her suite at the Ritz-Carlton. She's tiny—not more than five feet in height—and extremely slender. And she has the French-woman's gift of wearing plainness as though it is beauty. Her frock was a simple short-sleeved black crepe with a shirred yoke extending into a high plain neck. Against this background she wore several original accessories which drew the fascinated eyes of her callers.

Although she had just arrived, the drawingroom of the hotel suite had assumed the imprint of her personality. On the fireplace mantel was a picture of her attractive half-American daughter, Gogo, who was educated in England and is now in New York. On a low coffee-table was a black and gold enamel cigarette case, lighter and ash tray bearing the monogram E. S., and Clare Boothe's book, "Europe In The Spring."

High moment of the press interview came in a lull between photographer's flashlights and questions and answers in Parisian and Montreal French and English (Schiaparelli speaks English capably), when someone asked whether she thought New York would become the future fashion center of the world. There was a hint of tartness in the reply. "It is very premature to talk about a new style centre. It is like when somebody in the house is sick and you move all the furniture out—to talk about France being finished as a style centre."

Later in the morning she addressed an audience which filled the main ball-room of the Ritz-Carlton. For her appearance on the stage she had added to her costume of earlier morning a straight finger-tip length coat of purple wool, and a high purple woolen turban which completely concealed her hair. Before beginning to speak she produced a pair of owl-like horn-rimmed spectacles which she used when referring to her notes. The rest of the time she twirled them nonchalantly.

It's Serious

The matter of clothes is a serious matter, she told her audience, and today they are of importance not only socially but politically and economically. Even now, in the face of great obstacles, it functions as a very definite part of European life. And she told of her experiences in Russia where the dress industry had been allowed to die . . . of the women's starved hunger for fashion magazines, and their pathetic attempts to create fashions for the few social events in their lives. She called the roll of the great European cities upon which the industry depended for inspiration . . . and then told of the problems of the French industry in wartime, how its sources of supply were hit immediately and the workers called from their workrooms to the colors.

Designers drew on old stocks of materials and they had to resort to tricks and inventions. Women in the

workrooms were saddened over the loss through death or injury of their loved ones. As always in war many were expecting babies. Frequent air-raid alarms disturbed sleep and a part of each day was devoted to the making of garments for refugee children. And so the French dress industry carried on until the invasion was at the gates of Paris. It was decided to carry on at Biarritz, to which the workers went on foot and by bicycle over roads filled with refugees. But all their efforts were wasted. With the coming of the Armistice the French couture realized they could not get their clothes out of the country.

Her description of the last meeting of the members of the couture in the Biarritz office of Madame Lanvin is worth repeating: "It was grim. The grimmest I ever hope to see. Most of the Paris Couturiers were there: Madame Lanvin, Madame de Pombo, Molyneux, Piguet, Balenciaga, Heim, Patou and of course, Lelong. From the glass-sided office we looked at a furious sea, black water, black sky, with the crack of thunder sounding like guns to us. The electric lights blew out. In almost total darkness, we sat around a table talking, pledging not to make any effort which would put the less fortunate at a disadvantage."

"Later, after the capitulation, Monsieur Lelong and I had to face a new situation. Molyneux, against his will, caught the last boat to England and I was urged by Lelong to leave for America if I intended to fulfill my lecture contract. 'Perhaps', he said, 'you will say a kind word for us.'"

New York vs. Paris

Can New York replace Paris as the center of fashion? Madame Schiaparelli answered with an unequivocal No, and gave her reasons for her belief. Paris has been a fashion center for nearly 300 years. There elegance has an importance inconceivable in trade conscious America. The industry is deeply rooted in the soil of France and as deeply rooted in the hearts of Frenchmen. The French love their dress industry and are proud of their couture.

The main difference between Paris fashion and New York fashion is one of view-point. In France, endless time, trouble and money will be spent to produce a length of material in a new shade, which on this continent would not be considered unless followed by an order for a thousand yards . . . or perhaps more. "There, a little artist in a garret will turn out a gadget or a button which is a thing of beauty, molded by hand. He is proud if he order a dozen, or even less, for just one model. Here, no button manufacturer would undertake that trouble unless the dressmaker assured him many gross would be contracted for." Mass-production, the profit motive, speed, lack of interest on the part of the majority are some of the reasons she gave why New York will not replace Paris. "In Paris salesmanship does not enter into the picture until a collection is shown. The artist is free to create as he pleases. The Paris designer is free, and that is the secret of French success in creating clothes."

The American designer enjoys no such freedom of expression. In Paris they are inspired by and create for those shining personalities who make Paris smart, who add distinction to the clothes made for them, who have an unerring sense of dress, and are famous for their chic. And there is another strong psychological factor. It is the admiration of the men for a smartly dressed woman.

American designers have great ability and meticulous care goes into the making of a model but the labor is wasted on poor materials. America, Schiaparelli finds, has beautiful fabrics but for some strange reason they are used infrequently. Manufacturers to whom she has talked lay

the blame on the women. A dress made up in quality material which adds \$7.00 to the cost of a garment, will not sell because of that increase.

It is the women of a country who determine the standard of elegance of that country and no standard can be built very high when quality is not the first consideration. This state of affairs is unfortunate for the American designer. They have a great deal of ability but designing for a huge market amid a maze of very strange laws, it is impossible for them to create along individual lines. The trade has to be their main consideration. They must design clothes to be manufactured in million lots for people at home and abroad, in all kinds of climate and living under all sorts of conditions. It is no small task but they do it exceedingly well.

A little time devoted to the study



Navy blue broadcloth suit designed by Schiaparelli for her lecture tour. It is slim and fitted, highlighted with black velvet pockets and a collar which repeats the pocket detail. Buttons are bright blue enamel relief maps of the world. (Below) The coat is of dark blue broadcloth with Persian lamb collar and features a sloping shoulder line. Gauntlet gloves and hat are trimmed with the fur.



MADAME ELSA SCHIAPARELLI



DINNER SUIT of black crepe with intricate pink and blue head embroidery on both hat and jacket. All photographs on this page courtesy of Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

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LADIES OF THE PRESS MEET SCHIAPARELLI who shows them her tricolor handkerchief printed with the words and music of one of the last songs sung by Maurice Chevalier at the Casino de Paris. Her lapel ornament suspended from a white enamelled true lovers' knot is a small gold cage hung with teardrop crystals. Inside is a red, white and blue heart... the heart of France.

of the fashion magazines and a little self-analysis before the mirror can aid any woman to attain charm and chic, says Schiaparelli. However, she does not deny that it is NOT easy to be well dressed. On the contrary it is rather difficult. This is what she says:

"To be chic, a woman must have infinite patience, an unruffled temper and vast good sense. Above all, she must not be stubborn. She should be firm in her own convictions but open to any logical and intelligent suggestion.

"It is NEVER advisable to shop with friends. And never in a hurry. Time and again, I have seen visitors in Paris foolishly choose a model or a wardrobe in a great rush before a hurried trip to Venice, or skip to London. I have no respect for women so casual about their appearance.

"As much care should be taken in the building of a wardrobe as one takes in planning a house or anything else of importance. There is much to consider and money no matter how much you have should not be wasted. Too many wives are foolishly extravagant. And generally they are the very women who are badly dressed.

"Choose very carefully, even slowly. Fit the wardrobe together as a builder would fit together his materials. A mistake due to hurry or carelessness is really unforgivable. Aside from the money loss on an ill chosen model, there is the minor tragedy of one's personal appearance.

"Male approval is involved and if we penetrate glamor -- the problem of bread and butter exists for all of us. Let us not forget that we are women.

"The basic principle of good dress is simplicity! Where the expenditure is large, the value should be in terms of smartness, practicability, and long wear. If the cut is simple -- and it should be -- it will not date, and with good care it can be worn for several seasons.

"The basic wardrobe must include such things as coats, suits, and dresses, for day, evening, sports and country wear. A well cut British tweed suit or coat is hard to beat for all around wear.

"You must have a basic color which will blend and unite with touches of other colors.

"A fur coat requires study as to where it will be worn, with what type of dress, etc. Obviously, the average business woman who rides the subway or catches a crowded bus, would not choose the type of coat or fur that she would if she were being driven about in her own town car.

"Unless you balance your new clothes so that they can 'link up' with those of last year, your wardrobe will be a failure.

"Even now, and more than ever this year, I hide in shame when I find myself surrounded by cardboard shoulders which ride higher and higher each season. With excellent fashion magazines available in America, there is little excuse for women going wrong in little details of dress.

"A suit is always the very backbone of my wardrobe. Being a business woman, I find that type of dress meets the requirements of a busy day better than any other type. Personally, I prefer black and navy blue because I think these colors are smart for city wear and one feels appropriately dressed whether in the office, lunching with friends, or going on to a cocktail party later. We cannot go wrong if we strive for simplicity and perfect fitting.

"It is much wiser to insist on good materials, straight lines, neatness, and if you have effected a saving to spend the difference on accessories.

"As you all know, I like the 'little things' which add cachet to a costume. The right scarf, an unusual belt or bag, a bracelet or a clip and a personal perfume -- each makes a definite contribution toward the chic of a woman's appearance. They should not be bought on the impulse of the moment. They must fit perfectly into your whole 'get up'. They should be individual, not something everybody else is wearing.

"Make yourself an extravagant present now and then or have somebody make it to you. You will find in the end that one good bracelet, for instance, will be the best investment you ever made to bring out your personality in dressing.

"Find a perfume you like and stick to it. A cheap perfume is probably one of the most awful things. Not only the eye must be pleased but the atmosphere surrounding us must be agreeable and speak for us. The importance of the unimportant is the secret of true elegance in a woman.

"A hat is one thing which must be 'right' to the millimeter! They should never be fitted while sitting down. Stand up! The hat to be right must be viewed in relation to the whole figure. To the hat-less women I merely say that no suit or coat looks perfect without a hat.

"As to shoes -- they should be very plain and simple. Particularly, if they are not many. The selection of fancy shoes demands quantity and one has to be careful when they are put on."

—And At The Show

Following the lecture, a luncheon fashion showing was held in the dining-room of the Ritz-Carlton. This included eighteen models from Schiaparelli's personal wardrobe and were designed by her in the United States from American materials. With them were shown original models by Hatlie Carnegie and Nettie Rosenstein, two of New York's top-flight designers. All three designers' models will be custom-made to order by a Montreal store.

Although this was not the intention of the show, the audience had an opportunity of forming for itself its own opinions of the battle of Paris vs. New York. On the score of exciting drama, eye-stunning magnificence, theatrical quality, the New York designers won hands down. They were the sort of dresses which one could neither overlook or for-

(Continued on Page 23)

Elizabeth Arden

BEAUTY QUIZ FOR FALL

Q. Does your skin look immaculately fresh after a busy summer?

A. If you've neglected your skin all through the hot weather, this is the time to mend your ways. Cleanse your face and throat every morning, every night with Ardena Cleansing Cream always in combination with Ardena Skin Lotion.

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Elizabeth Arden

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Color backgrounds with a chalk stripe of Indian earth or ripe plum. A suit to give you that smooth, tailored look and with Jaeger wear and quality.

A two-time woad, beautifully cut with the new x for that so becoming broad shoulder and charming waistline look. A classic house and appearance.

Both priced at \$19.50

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"My skin seems so acid— what shall I do for it?"

Are you one of the many women who complain of this? . . . then try these different creams . . . the milk of magnesia acts on the excess acid accumulations on the skin.



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"Have you tried any of the new creams? The milk of magnesia?"

"How can I keep my skin so smooth and clear?"

"If you are asking about the new creams, try the milk of magnesia."

How they work. You know how Milk of Magnesia relieves an individual condition of excess gastric acidity. These Milk of Magnesia creams act in the same beneficial way on the external excess acid accumulations on the skin and help to overcome unsightly faults and to beautify the skin.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. Here's beauty-giving action you've never

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An ideal foundation. Phillips' Texture Cream is unlike any foundation you've ever tried before! This is because the Milk of Magnesia really purifies the skin by smoothing away roughness and overcoming oiliness. Powder and rouge go on evenly and stay on without frequent need of touching up.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stewart Conducts Spanish Program

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

CAROLA GOYA, the brilliant Spanish dancer, was guest artist at last week's Prom in Varsity Arena, and Reginald Stewart conceived the happy idea of making the entire program Spanish with every number in "atmosphere." Until within recent years most of the Spanish music heard in America was by composers of other nationalities—Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy, Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakoff and even Sullivan. The Spanish musical renaissance which has brought to the fore composers like Albeniz, Granados and Falla began within the present century. Though Spain produced plenty of musicians in the nineteenth century, Spanish orchestral composers of the higher order were almost non-existent. But Spain was an abundant source of inspiration to men in other lands.

Mr. Stewart included two widely popular numbers, Chabrier's "Espana" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice," which illustrate former conditions. Both date from the 'eighties, and the former was world-renowned before Spain had any worth-while orchestral music of its own. The man who did most to change that situation was Enrique Fernandez Arbos, who was born in 1863 and died in Madrid last year. He was not a creative composer but a brilliant violinist and conductor, with a marvellous aptitude for transcription. He was as well known in London as in Madrid, and conducted orchestras in a score of European centres. He even served for a time in that capacity with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a young man while still pursuing the career of a violinist he toured Europe with a phenomenal pianist, Isaac Albeniz. The latter was interested only in developing the possibilities of the piano-forte as Chopin and Liszt had done; but he had an impulse to create truly national music through that medium. His friend Arbos undertook the task of giving his piano compositions a glowing orchestral setting, and magnificently did he succeed. No less than six of the fifteen items on last week's program were Albeniz-Arbos, including two movements from the "Iberia" pianoforte suite. In this form they are more impressive and colorful than the originals. They were a severe test for the orchestra, because Arbos lavishly employed every section of it for expressional purposes. The harps and tympani had the heaviest night's work of the summer, and nobody escaped.

Other native composers represented on the program were Osta, also a brilliant arranger, Granados, Sarasate, Lecuona, Haiffler and Salabert, most of them dance composers. In all numbers the rhythmic vim and command of Mr. Stewart were notable. Carola Goya, a beautiful, graceful young woman of exquisite agility, is no stranger to Toronto. She is, I understand, an American girl who has lived in Spain, and has an intellectual grasp of an art which goes back to the days of the Romans. Her buoyancy and variety are inspiring. Loveliest of all her numbers was an Albeniz Osta Tango, in which she was a dream-like figure in silver and white. In contrast was her impersonation of a rollicking peasant woman dancing a jota to music by Sarasate. One of the most fascinating of her interpretations was a shepherd's dance, based on the peasant belief that the Madonna watches over shepherds, and decorously dances with them among their flocks. Miss Goya is a mistress of the castanets, and the wealth and taste of her costumes adds much to the quality of her entertainment.

Ottawa's Season

Ottawa is to have a distinguished musical season this year under the direction of Antonio Tremblay. An outstanding event will be a visit by the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, under Dr. Hans Kindler.

Other celebrities to be heard will be Marian Anderson, contralto; Rudolf Serkin, pianist; Gregor Piatigorsky, 'cellist, and Arthur Le Blanc, Canadian violinist (in joint recital); Maria Gambarelli, ballerina; John Charles Thomas, baritone; and Josef Hofmann, pianist.

A beautiful recital of liturgical music was given on October 7 by the internationally famous choir of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Toronto, directed by Dr. Healey Willan. Two of the latter's own motets, "Behold the Tabernacle of God" and "O Trinity, Most Blessed Light" were nobly sung. Among other numbers an ancient church melody of Rouen, "Christ the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels," was notable.

A concert was recently given at Toronto Conservatory of Music by students who captured major awards in the recent Canadian National Exhibition competitions. Those participating were Kathleen Busby (Edmonton), first place in lyric soprano class; Lillian Smith, who won similar honors in the coloratura class; Alfred Johnston, pianist, and Joe Pach, violinist, boys who were scholarship winners in their classes; and Helen Shklar, winner in the open violin competition.

COMING EVENTS

THE 1940-41 series of recitals by the Hart House Quartet opens at Hart House Theatre on Tuesday evening, October 15th. The works to be performed are the quartet in F major by Maurice Ravel; Smetana's quartet in E minor ("From My Life"); and the Beethoven quartet in D major, Op. 18, No. 3.

All four concerts of the Toronto series will this season take place on Tuesday evenings, the succeeding concerts falling on December 17th, January 14th and February 11th.

SENDING to the Royal Alexandra Theatre for the week of October 14 the most popular comedy hit of recent years in New York, "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, the Theatre Guild has just advised the Canadian Red Cross that its profits from the engagement here will be turned over to that charity. Katharine Hepburn will contribute her salary and her week's share in the production, Philip Barry, his royalty as author, and Robert B. Sinclair his fee as director.

With this play, Miss Hepburn made a stirring return to the stage after her remarkable career in pictures and scored a run of fifty-two weeks on Broadway to capacity audiences. Her short tour of eight cities extended the record of success of both star and play and now as the season begins, Miss Hepburn is about to start a cross-country tour in Philadelphia.

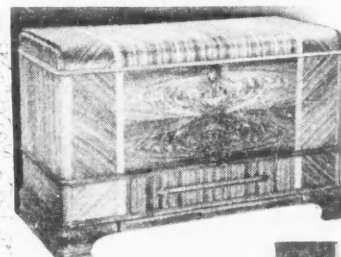
Philip Barry's comedy concerns a family of comic characters of the upper social set which he localizes in one of the exclusive towns about the

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KREISLER
VIOLINIST
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WILL LAST FOR GENERATIONS

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Main Line in Philadelphia. Descending upon them are two magazine writers, who arrive as the divorced daughter is preparing for her second marriage. Ribbing along the way such magazines as Time, Life and Fortune for their snooping, and socialites for their false values, Barry embroiders his wit about the adventures of his heroine as she learns from four men their exposure of her character.

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NEXT WEEK BEGINNING **MON. EVE., OCT. 14**
MATS. WED.-SAT.
The THEATRE GUILD presents After a solid year's run in New York
PHILIP BARRY'S Gay Comedy
THE PHILADELPHIA STORY
with
Katharine Hepburn
VAN HEFLIN JOSEPH COTTEN
NICHOLAS JOY
Evs. \$1. to \$3.00. Wed. Mat. \$1.00 to \$2.00. Sat. Mat. \$1.00 to \$2.50

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TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 8.30

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FILM PARADE

Does Anybody Smell Smoke?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ALL started I imagine when someone carelessly dropped a lit cigarette end into a situation containing Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert, and quantities of crude oil.

For a long time the plot of "Boom Town" just smoldered along without doing any great damage. There was Clark, who was Big John, and Spencer, who was Square John. They were drilling for oil out West and there was an occasional flare-up that was quickly brought under control. Then the wind shifted and caught Claudette Colbert. And before that situation was in hand, love, friendship and fortune had gone up in smoke. Clark and Spencer were charred around the edges and nothing was left of the lovely little twenty-four-room bungalow Clark had built for his bride. It looked as though the damage were total.

However you don't put out a plot that easily, don't imagine it. A few minutes later it flared up again, in one of the banana republics. It started when Clark applied for a new oil job and who should the boss turn out to be but Spencer Tracy! It was just a small blaze this time and Claudette managed to smother it out with feminine tact. After that nobody seemed to know what to do. They couldn't put the plot out and they couldn't get it going, it just sulked. Then Clark carelessly ignited Hedy Lamarr and soon everything was crackling and roaring again, with Clark and Hedy blazing away and Claudette pouring on buckets of tears and Spencer Tracy trying to rescue everybody in sight and blowing up the oil business from coast to coast to keep things from spreading.

When a plot reaches this stage there are only two things the boys can do. They can introduce a tremendous fist fight between the two male principals, after which things gradually simmer down to a happy ending. Or they can rush up to the Department of Justice, blow up the whole plot in a great big court-room scene, and clear the screen.

"Boom Town" does both. Spencer and Clark go into a slugging session in Clark's costly New York office and beat each other almost insensible while Hedy cools off slowly in the reception room. But this doesn't settle things. Three minutes later the plot breaks out in the law courts, fanned by a burst of gusty eloquence from Spencer Tracy who wants to save his pal from a well-deserved ten-year sentence in the State penitentiary. After this has finally subdued the two boys go back West and start drilling for oil again; and at

that point this weary watcher stole quietly home to bed. Maybe the plot really ended there. Maybe it smoldered away underground to break out afresh in the Alberta oil fields or Iraq. Anyway that was where I came in.

"The Westerner," which is another tale of Oklahoma, takes a rather different course. This is a free biographical study of a legendary character, Judge Roy Bean, a tough old party who invented his own courts out West and ruled them according to his own ferocious whim. The Judge's course though erratic is always perfectly predictable, and the picture ends, logically, when the Judge ends. You know exactly where you're at every minute, and sometimes that can be a comfort.

Judge Bean, as played by Walter Brennan, is revealed in a richly comical and sentimental light. Nothing Mr. Brennan could do however could make the Judge anything but a thor-

oughly obnoxious ancient who deserved a great deal worse than he got and didn't get it half soon enough. It wasn't the Judge's extravagant hangings that were so hard to bear, or his drinking and shooting and helling around with the boys. It was his chaste but garrulous passion for Lily Langtry. That, if you are easily affected by things of the sort, was enough to make you blush all by yourself in the dark.

However "The Westerner" has Gary Cooper. Mr. Cooper, though nominally the hero, has never had less to do in a picture and has never done it more sparingly. Still he was there and, as always, a beautiful study in slow motion. It was impossible to

believe in any of the things he had to do or say, equally impossible to credit his slow silent passion for Miss Doris Davenport, one of those girls who are as pretty as they are forgettable, who appear suddenly on the screen to do exactly as they are told and then disappear, usually for ever.

He didn't have to act in "The Westerner" and didn't bother trying. It didn't matter. Just the way he fills a glass and sets the bottle on the bar counter, the extra half-twirl he gives his revolver before he slips it into his back pocket, the curious trick of being suddenly exactly there without seeming to move—these things appear to be enough. I guess I must just be a Gary Cooper fan.



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Wheat, 1.25 to 1.35
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IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO

68 YEARS AGO



Strayed or Stolen

from corner of Carlton and Ontario Street, September 17th, a dark red cow. Suitable reward. Ed Holt. 229 Carlton Street.



LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

Owing to the large number of guests visiting the Queen's Hotel, the proprietors have found it necessary to add a new wing to the east end of the present building.



GOVERNMENT NOTICE

Their Excellencies
The Governor General
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The Countess of Dufferin
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Drawing Room and Reception
at the
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
On Tuesday, the 8th October
at nine o'clock
By command
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FULL DRESS

ON this page we present, 68 years after Robert Simpson opened up shop in Toronto, a few of the items of the day, as reported in *The Daily Globe*, *The Mail* and *The Leader* of the week of September 30, 1872. At that time this was a city of 56,000 souls, kerosene lamps, mud roads and horse cars. As Toronto has progressed, Simpson's has enjoyed progressing with it, serving generation after generation with quality goods at lowest prices.

Far from aging, Simpson's in 1940 has little time for reminiscing, keeps young by keeping busy, getting you the things you want at the prices you want to pay.



Simpson's



The Sidewalks Again

A correspondent complains that the nails are in some places more than 1 1/2" above the planks—making walking disagreeable as well as hard on high-heeled boots. She reports also that some of the dozens of Boulton Street are using the sidewalks for kindling.



City News • City News

The hounds will meet today at the corner of Bloor and Bathurst at half past 3 o'clock sharp.



Stanley & Livingston

At a banquet given in Brighton yesterday, while responding to a toast, Stanley thought he heard expressions of incredulity as to his meeting Livingston. He vehemently retorted and withdrew in indignation from the table and ultimately from Brighton.



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FRITZ KREISLER, who appears at Massey Hall, Toronto, Oct. 14.

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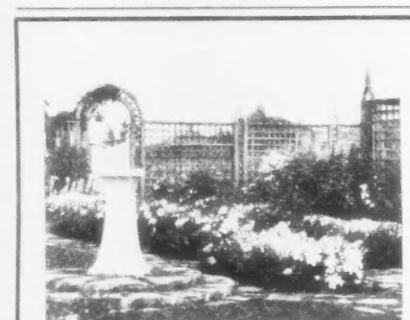


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massage, diet, electrotherapy, occupational
therapy, are all included in one very
moderate rate.

Write Harvey Clare, M.D.,
Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium,
Guelph, Ont.

Democratic Bombs

BY MARY NORTON

DURING these past weeks in Eng-
land, the air-raid siren—punc-
tuating the normal stream of life—
has cut out of Time a series of
strange cameos which remain fixed
in my memory.

Have you ever played a game in
an elevator, or bus or a small
restaurant, looking at the assembled
company and wondering, "Suppose I
suddenly found myself shipwrecked
on a desert island with just these
people...?"

At once the whole group swims
into the focus of a clearer and more
significant line of vision.

Something very like this is happen-
ing today in London. One is swept
into sudden intimacies with per-
fectly strange people in what are
often stranger surroundings. These
occasions strung together form a
group of pictures, unforgettable in
their clarity and humor.

THERE seems nothing ridiculous
about trying on a nightdress in
the fitting cubicle of a London store
but, if the warning siren catches one
half in and half out of a piece of
diaphanous voile, which clings awk-
wardly over camisole and tweed
skirt, dignity is hard put to it to pre-
serve a decorous calm.

Suddenly I see the cubicle, the
tweed coat hanging on a hook, the
dishevelled creature (myself) in the
mirror, the dark-eyed salesgirl with
a swirl of silk nightdresses on her
arm, and realize that, until this
moment, I had been conscious of none
of these, so anxious had I been to
complete my purchase and get on to
the next shop.

As the wail, gentle and unearthly,
grows in intensity, she smiles at me,
apologetic and a little embarrassed.
"I'm afraid I must go downstairs,
it's a rule."

Looking back at her out of swathes
of green chiffon, I try not to laugh.
"That's all right. Don't wait."

She hesitates as if uncertain as to
whether I can be left alone with
fifty guineas worth of night attire
but decides, on second thought, to
trust me.

I dress, alone in the cubicle. The
lingerie floor, deserted by its cus-
tomers, is filled and permeated by
this inhuman sound, rising and fall-
ing in measured waves, as if the city
itself had found a voice to cry its
warning.

Where is my brooch? Ah, here it
is, and my gloves, my bag, my par-
cels. Late as usual, I make my way
towards the stairs...

IT TURNED out to be a very re-
spectable raid. Having by mis-
take followed the last of the sales-
girls into the staff dugout, I was
recognized by a shopwalker as a
sheep among the goats and led away,
with many apologies, into the fur-
nishing department, where I was
deposited with suitable formality
upon a Queen Anne settee.

If I were to die, I must die a cus-
tomer, under an Empire mirror and
before a Jacobean chest marked
down to ninety shillings.

We did not talk to each other in
that store. There was too much
tradition in the atmosphere. We sat
there in a row where we had been put,
subdued by the *surroundings* of the
shopwalker.

We did not even remark when a
dull reservation shook the tinkling
crystals of the chandeliers (priced at
eighteen guineas the pair). "That
was a close one!"

We stared at our shoes or the fur-
niture, as if in meditation, until one
more daring than the rest, lighting a
cigarette, was publicly reproved by
the august announcement: "Ladies
and Gentlemen are requested not to
smoke in order to conserve the fresh-
ness of the air." After a moment's
pleasant observation of the culprit's
discomfiture, we who had not erred
smugly returned to the contempla-
tion of our shoes.

I had hardly noticed the porter
of the block of flats where, for some

days, I was staying. His face was a
vague reddish memory (as was the
horny palm into which occasionally I
dropped a sixpence) until Adolph
Hitler drew us together, leading me
into the very heart of that basement
family.

For two and a half hours I sat
with them one morning before dawn,
wrapped in a dressing-gown, drinking
tea. I got to know his little daughter
and his sweet, pale-faced wife.

Others were there, invited by the
porter; a maiden lady with her knit-
ting, an Austrian maid-servant, and
a worn man in shirt sleeves who had
"fought all through the last war and
had plenty to show for it."

As we sat there, on horsehair
chairs, drinking the hot sweet tea
and talking of this and that, I ad-
mired the tact and dignity of the
porter's wife, impromptu hostess to
so strange an assortment of guests.
I can still see her tired face, the sad,
sculptured lines so oddly at variance
with the husky warmth of her
cockney wit.

The talk flitted from one subject
to another. The maiden lady's
travels in the Tyrol linked up with
remembrances of the Austrian girl's
home; the porter, holding his little
girl on his knee, told us in guarded
language of the son that had died,
leading us into the conversationally
fertile field of illness and accident.
Every now and again, there would
be a pause and some one would say,
"That was pretty close!" or, "That
one was over Camberwell way."

By the time the all-clear had
sounded and the "black-out shutters"
were taken down to let in the early
morning sunlight, we had learned a
great deal about each other's lives
before we parted to resume our own.

DOVER was more exciting; but the
inhabitants of Dover are old
hands and have aerial bombardment
all taped and measured. A new-
comer to Dover must watch his step
and try, like a new boy at school,
not to exhibit undue emotion or
misplaced enthusiasm.

There, for some curious reason
connected with the war machine, I
found myself on solitary night duty.
My nearest neighbors in the building
(two rooms away) were a couple of
Kentish telephonists at a switch-
board. Cheerful men in shirt sleeves
who would bring me, at regular in-
tervals, a cup of tea "out of our pot".

The first night, when the town was
shaking with gunfire, I emerged
rather timidly from my office and
asked, "Do we go down in the base-
ment now, or what?"

It seemed a reasonable question
and I had put off asking it for some
time, so I was unprepared for their
friendly but slightly derisive smiles.
"No, Miss, that's nothing. We'll tell
you if it gets bad."

I thanked them and went back to
my office, completely reassured.
They would tell me if it got bad. I
spent a week in Dover and heard a
great deal of noise but, evidently,
I never heard it "bad".

One of these men was thin and
taciturn; the other plump and loquacious.
The plump one knew every
inch of Dover and its surrounding
country. Solidly pulling out and
pushing in his switch plugs, the anti-
aircraft guns barking and rattling
overhead, he would tell me of the
walks I must take, the castles I must
explore; he would talk of his boyhood
in this town and his knowledge of
its history acquired through love.
There was not a trace of that irritat-
ing conscious "calm" about him, only
a slight misgiving that gunfire and
bombs might affect my just ap-
preciation of his home. Noise was a
natural disadvantage of Dover, not
to be harped upon as, in a friend's
house, one does not draw attention
to the holes in the carpet.

He was a simple man and a stub-
born man as he described himself,
"a man of Kent". Hitler's army has
yet to meet them on their own
ground.

LE GANT*

STA-UP-TOP*



WON'T
ROLL
OVER

WON'T
RIDE
UP

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can have a smart
figure, too. These Le
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"Mine feels so com-
fortable I hardly
know I have it on."

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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

October 12, 1940

DRESSING TABLE

"Modelling" With Make-Up

BY ISABEL MORGAN

WHEN it comes to "modelling" facial beauty with make-up, it must be remembered that there are no more and no less than four major face types which must be considered.

These principal types are oval, round, oblong, and the rare "square" shapes. Any other face-shape classifications than these original four can be but variations of the basic quartet.

In make-up "modelling" the establishment of rouge patterns are of prime importance.

High and Handsome

For the average "perfect oval" face, with regular features, the rouge should be first applied at the high point of the cheek. From here the natural curve of the cheekbone should be followed toward the nose, with the color border tracing a slight curve. The rouge should then be blended into the full part of the cheek with the fingertips, with the edges of the color pattern being further blended until an appearance of naturalness results. When the rouge pattern edges have been tint-graduated in this manner, the whole rouge surface should be blended until the applied color seems to naturally suffuse the cheeks.

As a final touch for this "perfect oval" type of face, as well as all others, the rouge shading should be carried very faintly from the cheekbone to the outer corner of the lower eyelid. This serves to eliminate the white space between the cheekbones and the eye, and furthers the naturalness of the final rouged effect.

For the definitely round type of face, the rouge, after being initially applied to the cheekbone, should be blended downward far into the full

part of the cheek. This patterning, which offers an illusion of face length, should be followed by blending the rouge in toward the nose. This serves to make the face appear more oval-shaped by lessening the highlight at the central point of the feature ensemble.

For the long lines of the thin oblong face, the rouge, after being first applied to the cheekbone, should be blended outward to the full part of the cheek, with the color being kept away from the centre of the face. An attractive illusion of breadth is consequently created by this lack of centre color.

The seldom encountered square facial type requires an even more careful embellishment with rouge than any of the other facial shapes.

The squareness of this type can be minimized and apparently provided with more attractive contours by, first, applying the rouge at the usual point on the elevation of the cheekbones; from here the rouge pattern should be further extended back toward the ears, then down toward the jawbone, with the rouge application to the jawbone finally being swept in slightly toward the point of the chin.

This rouge pattern serves to shadow the squareness of the jaw, and leaves the comparatively high-lighted upper and central portions of the face with a definitely oval outline.

Once Over Lightly

Faces which present prominently high cheekbones, regardless of the general contour of the face, should be originally touched on the points of the cheekbones with but a mini-

mum of rouge. An over abundance of this make-up color should be avoided, as the entire purpose of the rouge, for this facial structure, is the shadowing of the natural highlight on the cheekbone. Following this same line of reasoning, it is also particularly essential that the rouge be finally powdered over, to dull any basic brightness its color may effect.

For these high cheekbones, the rouge should be blended generally downward, and the hollow which is usually apparent below such a cheek point should not be rouged at all. Occasionally there even appears a facial type variation which offers hollow cheeks without the usual accompaniment of high and prominent cheekbones. And, as mentioned before, the rouge should not be placed in cheek hollows, because such coloring acts as a shadow and would accentuate the depression. Instead, the rouge should be blended down from the cheekbone, and around the hollow. Thus, the natural shadow of the depression is largely neutralized, and the cheeks are made to appear fuller and rounder.

And the shape of the face should not be regarded as any final guide for the shaping of a lip rouge pattern. The shape of the lips themselves, quite aside from the general contours of the face, must almost completely guide the establishment of a correct lipstick design.

Schiaparelli

(Continued from Page 19)

get. The audience applauded them enthusiastically.

Schiaparelli's designs were much less exuberant, quieter in tenor, streamlined and, on the surface exceedingly simple. One could wear any of them for several seasons and be an extremely well-dressed person. Their lines were very straight and slender, and the Schiaparelli wit and originality were present in all their pristine freshness and originality. Among this designer's innovations were detachable "refugee" woollen skirts buckled on over silk dresses so that the dress can be worn under a short fur coat in cold weather with comfort. . . . An unique "stocking" cap that is half cap and half turban. . . . A black fox busby hat that ties on with a jersey scarf twisted to make a false bun in back. . . . worn with fur gauntlets to match. . . .

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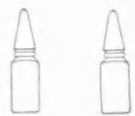
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CONCERNING FOOD

Where Men Are Cooks

BY JANET MARCH

PROBABLY my idea of a Hudson's Bay Post is just as fanciful as the English war guests advance conclusions about Canada in general. We have all answered those ones about Indians, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and perpetual snow. As we answered we wondered mildly why geography seems generally to be so poorly taught for Canada mayn't have a vast population but it has a vast place on the map. Anyway we all have notions and mine of a Post are no doubt absurd. I see a stone building built beside a rushing river with a couple of dramatic rapids right out in front. Brown skinned Indians and trappers in high boots tie up their canoes and go into the Post with furs slung over their shoulders and come out with huge parcels of groceries of the dried bean, tinned butter, salt pork variety. In winter they pad in on snow shoes or by dog team. The factor — I'm sure he was called that in the history books — is of Scottish ancestry and lives a lonely life. He does his own cooking and there is nothing fanciful about his meals. He reads the classics in the evening.

This little picture, as you can see, takes us back quite a few years to my school days, before the radio and before Canada carried more freight by air in the North than any other country in the world. Well, well,

dears — times change. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are often mounted in 1940 sedans, and the Hudson's Bay Company has recently got out two books prepared by Dr. Frederick Tisdall and his associates on food. Dr. Tisdall is Chairman of the Committee on Nutrition of the Canadian Medical Association and is a well-known authority on Food and Health. The title of the first book is "Your Food and Health In the North." Don't be put off by that North stuff though, for if you are interested in food — and aren't we all? — you will like this easy-to-read, entertainingly illustrated, concise book, even if you live as far South as you can and have never seen an igloo in your life. The volume is printed by the Hudson's Bay Company for its staff in the far North, but can be obtained by others from the Company in Winnipeg.

The companion volume is called "Household Manual for H.B.C. Posts" and gives you amongst other things menus for three meals a day for ten weeks. By then you will have surely forgotten the first week and every one can start over again. There are two weeks of "Easy Meals for Bachelors" and by the end of a fortnight the bachelor can move up into the other lists. If you live in a city house with full electric equipment you will not need to learn about how to build an ice house where the ground only thaws out for a couple of feet in the middle of summer, but you would like the simple and clear instructions for canning. Even the H.B.C. bachelors are expected to rinse their dishes when they wash them, and this they are urged to do at once after every meal, and to wash their towels at least twice a week.

Do you know to put washing soda in greasy roasting pans when you leave them to soak? Do you know how to decide whether a garment to be washed is made of wool, silk or rayon? Take a single thread and burn it, and wool and silk will be found to smoulder while rayon burns like paper. Do you know that it is good to freeze cotton and linen clothes drying on the line in winter, but freezing does harm to silk, rayon and wool? Believe me the Hudson's Bay boys know a lot these days.

HOUSEKEEPING in a country where you just lay anything for a few minutes on the window ledge and find it frozen into rocks presents new problems. You probably won't take to baking your own bread unless you have to, but if you lived in the North bread baking isn't such an incessant burden for you can bake a big batch, let it cool, wrap each loaf and freeze it. Then you bring in a loaf a day and still have fresh bread for a month. The trick is to freeze it fast and not to thaw it before you need it.

Of course this sort of specialized advice is grand for those up North, but beyond its interest it is of no great value to us softies in the South. What is of value is the carefully worked out diets for maximum efficiency, and the clear short, excellent advice on food matters that is given. We are all looking for strength-building, economical menus these days, and to be handed ten weeks of menus prepared by nutrition experts is something. Here is one day chosen at random.

Breakfast

Orange Juice
Rolled Wheat
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Tea or Coffee

The authors of the Hudson's Bay household Manual recommend the Canadian Cook Book as the standard one of reference, and they knew their cook books when they did this. There aren't as many recipes in it as in the bigger Boston, but what there are are simple, clear and excellent. In addition to telling their employees of the virtues of this book some extra recipes are added especially suitable for the North. They sound and taste so good that they seem also especially suitable for more Southern points particularly when you want to assemble a meal off the contents of the emergency shelf.

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"THE BACK PAGE"

Those Hats They Wear, What Do They Mean?

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

THE man who thinks he understands women, I've always claimed, is ripe for slaughter. But the man who tries to understand women's hats is ready for a padded cell. They can't be understood. I, as a mere male, have given them considerable study. And they still have me stumped.

Yet to the man of thought, who likes to keep Reason on her throne, this madness of women's head-gear merges from a psychological problem into a psychiatric symptom. No woman, of course, will agree with that. Where a man is concerned she declines even to talk about hats. It's a waste of words. "Absurd? We know they're absurd," any woman will admit. "They always were. But we like 'em and buy 'em. And they do things to us no man can quite understand."

That, alas, is all too true. No man can understand. For a hat, to get down to fundamentals, is worn for

warmth or shelter. But the hat, with women, takes on certain mystical and supersensory qualities. Its usefulness, apparently, is bastioned on its utter disregard of utility. It is bought and worn, not for protection, but for purely aesthetic and mental effects. It may have all the aspects of a scorbutic pancake or a shelf of hardware, but with a woman it can make the world over. It can, I gather, even mend a broken heart. And if the hat is exactly the right sort the fair lady will derive from it an inner glow which religion itself fails to give.

THE problem to the crude male is, just what makes it the right sort. And why, if it's the right sort today, it won't and can't be the right sort tomorrow. Its value, in fact, seems to depend on its evanescence. There must be nothing fixed about it. And any philosophic male could worry

himself into a nervous breakdown trying to ferret out why the feminine head is successively adorned by an inverted dishpan decorated with artificial flowers, a chromatic doughnut moored over one ear, a scalp-wound bandage obscuring the off eye, a coal-scuttle embossed with spinach, a soup-tureen torpedoed by the quill of a deceased cock-pheasant, or a *chevaux-de-frise* of coq feathers that's doing its damndest to make its wearer look like a Zulu chieftain on the war-path. That male could die of brain-fag trying to reason out why those hats should tilt this way one season and that way another season, why one year they should cling like a limpet to the bump of veneration and the next year stand a lean-to over the left eyebrow, why for a time they should take the downward dip of the English boater and then emulate the altitude of the Eiffel Tower, and then abruptly acquire the perilous one-eared slant of the Eugénie pill-box and suddenly mushroom out into the shoulder-shadowing amplitude of the Gainsborough and then contract to a skull-caressing turban slightly suggestive of an oriental Swami with a morning-after headache.

Perhaps the unpredictable nature of women's hats is best illustrated by the bewilderment of that Park Avenue husband, who, when his wife was delirious, placed an ice-bag on her head. When he went to renew the ice he discovered, first that she had effected her escape from his care and his roof, and secondly that she had wandered into a millinery contest in the next block and there won the first prize for the novelty of her chapeau. He surely could claim a bond of companionship with that other husband who accompanied his wife to a hatshop, patiently witnessed many try-ons, and finally heard his spouse aver: "It's all right now, Alfred. We can go." But the sales-lady intercepted them. "Excuse me, madam," Alfred heard her announce. "This is the hat you decided on. That's the box you've got on your head."

A CONTEMPLATION of all such tidal waves of fashion persuades a mere male that the whole thing may stem from a demand for novelty where novelty is denied in more basic affairs. So that a hat, actually, is woman's escape from timeless suppression, a frantic and forlorn effort to express her own ego. It is plain that she no longer contends that a hat should be pretty, though its charm, I observe, increases with its cost. Its primary function, apparently, is to translate the lady into something she is not. She may be a plump matron, with soul and body as solid as concrete, but in her ample bosom she nurses a hunger for head-gear that will make her look like Hedy LaMarr or a lady spy equipped to worm state secrets out of a Blonde Beast *offizier* of the Tier-Garten. She may be a store clerk or a frugal-living stenographer, but she has a craving for something that's going to give her the outward aspects of a movie-queen and a Paris demi-mondaine and a Tom Powers glamor-girl all rolled into one. It is her avenue of escape. It is her pennon of extravagance at the masthead of monotony. She can compensate for the lack of giddiness in her life by the air of giddiness an eye-obscuring Eugénie scalp-plaster can impart to her. Life, with her, is not adventurous. So she turns her hat into an adventure. She extends her frustrated personality into a foot or two of synthesized absurdity and imagines she is a new woman because her unreasoning little head has acquired a new crown.

There are plenty of hands waiting to crown her, for the millinery business, they tell me, now runs into astronomical figures. There are even esoteric salons where the lady is duly appraised and psycho-analyzed before a creation suited to her particular aura is duly concocted. For commerce, you may be sure, has not been slow to capitalize the modern woman's pathological craving for admir-

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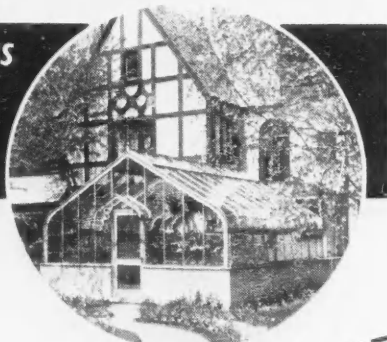


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ation. She finds herself helpless in the coils of a vast new industry with a language and an outlook all its own. Yet she isn't, I sometimes suspect, altogether unconscious of her helplessness. She must suspect, at times, that something is wrong. For she more and more declines, I notice, to don a hat and face the camera.

A pretty face, of course, can still be a pretty face, even under a soggy sou'wester. But garnish can't turn a plum-pudding into an éclair. And a rotund and massive face under a halo hat can still be an affront to God and man. Even today we find an occasional woman who refuses to thrust her head into the silken noose of style. Now and then we find a lady-insurrecto who rolls her own, a strong-armed and strong-souled individualist who declines to bow to the tyranny of fashion and is satisfied to face a hostile world

in a hat of her own choosing. Usually, I've observed, it's a respectably compact bowl of respectable felt, surrounded by a respectably restricted brim that tends to leave the sex of the wearer slightly in doubt and the danger of masculine advances extremely remote. The wearer of that sort of hat will contend, naturally, that the important thing is what a woman has *in* her head, and not *on* her head. And this would be a better world, I aver, if men would agree with her. But men, who have ample weaknesses of their own, are wise enough to encourage fair-sex foolishness when it plays into their own predatory hands. And intellectual stability under a mannish bowler, unfortunately, still seems to lose out when there's a pink-and-white bit of fluff, crowned with an accentuating fluff of feathers and flowers, in the offing.

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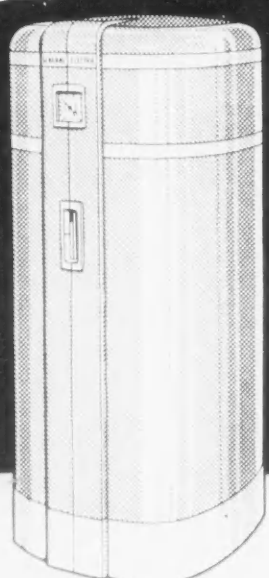
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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

The United States and England Have a Mutual Debt

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

*Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent
in London*

THIS may not appear, perhaps, the most opportune time to resuscitate the problem of Great Britain's War Debt to America. There is now a new appreciation of the whole question of debt. The United States confesses that the American people have a great debt to Britain for holding the dog of war away from the Western Hemisphere. And the people of Britain acknowledge a debt which is not to be measured in money for the assistance the United States is giving in her time of need.

But, for all that, the question of the War Debt of the last war has been much talked about, and in some influential quarters it has been urged that some settlement should be arranged. No one suggests that the sum of many billion dollars should be paid in cash, in sterling or gold, but the idea has gained some adherents that settlement could be arranged by a transfer of property, of British possessions in the American sphere of influence.

Both Sides

Usually, discussion does not get below the surface. Usually, the American side is summed up in the celebrated "They hired the money, didn't they?"; and the British answer (which is also the answer of many Americans) is that the money was spent, together with millions of men, on the battlefields of Europe for the benefit, not merely of the British Empire, but also of America. But this is the superficial aspect. If we are considering the payment of the debt, it is necessary to find out what the creditor would benefit by payment. For here is no simple commercial proposition, but a question of national good.

Looking at it from this point of view, it must be said quite plainly that the United States would suffer more than she would gain, even in the limited economic sense, by any attempt to transfer across the Atlantic the gold and sterling required to make an accountant's settlement. She is the country in the world which has most to lose from a general dislocation of the international financial mechanism, and nothing would achieve that dislocation so quickly or completely as the forlorn effort to pay in cash. Nor would she benefit from such alternatives as the raising of an adequate loan, to repay the War Debt, on British credit in the New York market, or the attribution of part of Great Britain's physical wealth to the debt settlement. These are mere devices.

Important Question

The other idea, of transferring the ownership of possessions, is more compelling, and it is true that its devotees are not to be found only on one side of the Atlantic. It is an important question, some aspects of which have been discussed in this column previously. Whether it can be treated as part of the old war-debt problem, as against the entirely new situation of the present war, is open to doubt.

What in effect would be the result if British possessions were passed over to American ownership and administration? These possessions are not so much coin in the pocket of the British Treasury, nor are they measurable merely in terms of territory and produce. They represent people, and the temper of the people may be gauged from the recent request from one of the areas which would be affected by any scheme for an assurance from the British Government that it should continue as part of the British Commonwealth. No less than the people of Europe to whom the right has been denied, these people have a right of self-determination. Would the United States find their enforced adherence to the stars and stripes an asset?

It is clear that what has prompted the new examination of ways and

What about England's War Debt to the United States now that these two countries are again taking on the Hun? An entirely new slant has been given the whole problem, for if the United States is going all out to help England, the latter is keeping Nazism from parking on America's doorstep.

How is the debt to be settled? Certainly not in gold, for England's supply isn't inexhaustible. By the transfer of possessions? But possessions are not so much coin but people who have the right to self-determination. Payment in goods seems the only way out. Says Gilbert Layton: "The American who spoke for his country's good . . . would say, let the dead past bury its dead and let the future be stripped of unending potential problems by taking goods from England and refusing her gold."

means of meeting the old debt is the possibility that as this war goes on the time may be reached when once again the question of credit will arise. In advance of this time, some American commentators have urged the Government to admit payment for war supplies in goods. It will be remembered that the British Government years ago, when it was negotiating on the question of the 1914-18 debt, indicated that it considered payment in goods to be the only possible way out. America would have none of it. Now the position has to be faced again. The war may last a long time, and Britain has no inexhaustible supply of gold.

There is, of course, something to be said on the moral side. British people would not presume to tell the United States that the war was being

fought as much for her advantage and security as for the British. But an important section of American opinion has said so itself and no outside observer will dispute the plain fact. Even if the piling up of debt were economically disastrous for America, her Government might still feel the price worth paying for the service of keeping the Nazi away. When it is considered how the attempt to pay vast international debt brings as much trouble to the creditor as to the debtor the case seems unanswerable. The American who spoke for his country's good, without any consideration of its goodwill, would say, let the dead past bury its dead, and let the future be stripped of unending potential problems by taking goods from Britain and refusing her gold.

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I-406

Commission Proposes New Deal for Oil in Alberta

BY WARNER A. HIGGINS

WITH 78 per cent of the purchasers of gasoline in the low-income class and the tendency of governments to increase gasoline taxes as fast as greater consumption enables producers to lower prices, the man in the street has a direct interest in the question of taxation of gasoline products.

If the entry of provincial governments into industry is going to eliminate competition and increase costs and therefore prices, the man in the street has a definite interest in the matter of governmental interference with business. Upon these phases of the oil industry the Royal Commission appointed by the Alberta government reports in the concluding sections of its report. After investigating production, refining, wholesale and retail marketing the Commission found that on the whole prices were fair and reasonable and that return on invested capital was not excessive. The Commission then turned to factors which might affect prices but over which the industry had not control.

Chief among these is taxation. While reduction in the retail price of gasoline can readily be brought about by reduction in the provincial gasoline tax, the history of this tax in each of the provinces has been that, as refiners make savings and lower the price, taxing bodies increase their taxes and so prevent the consumer from obtaining the benefit.

Gas Tax Here to Stay

Bowing to the inevitable the Commission sees no hope of a reduction in the Alberta gasoline tax that could be passed on to consumers, but it does make some pointed comment upon the use of such tax revenues—comment equally applicable to many another province. The gasoline tax can be justified only on the principle of a special tax for the construction and maintenance of a highway system for the special benefit of motorists or on the principle of ability to pay, or both. If, as a survey made in the United States indicates, 78 per cent of the users of gasoline are in the low-income class, the principle of ability to pay can hardly hold.

On the other hand the principle of special benefit can hardly be invoked to place the entire burden of highway construction and maintenance on the motorist, because good roads are now a benefit to everyone regardless of whether they are motorists or not.

Regardless of these fine points, the Commission finds that if present conditions continue the users of gasoline will in future be paying for the construction and maintenance of all government highways and, in addition, will be paying annually an excess sum of between two and two-and-a-half million dollars into the general revenue fund of Alberta. In Alberta as in most places in Canada and the United States "the taxation imposed may be supported if at all only by invoking both of the principles of taxation—the principle of ability to pay, as well as the principle of special benefit."

Earmark Tax for Roads

The Commission believes that the tax obligation of users of gasoline should be limited to revenue requirements for government roads and to only part of those requirements, but that it would be futile to recommend a reduction in the gasoline tax. It proposes, however, that all revenue derived from the tax be earmarked for the construction and maintenance of government highways and used for no other purpose.

Since standardization of oil products is of interest to the public from the standpoint of protection and also to the small marketer the Commission suggests that enactment of a standardization law would be a progressive move although it should not be undertaken without a full hearing of the industry upon the

Having found after investigation that prices of petroleum products in Alberta are fair and that the oil business is efficiently and fairly conducted, the Royal Commission appointed by the Alberta government to investigate the petroleum industry reports on matters over which the industry has no control.

In this, the second and concluding article on the report of the Commission, "Saturday Night" presents the very interesting findings of the Commission on the vital matters of taxation, of government control of industry and the extent to which governments should interfere with business.

In its recommendations for new legislation and for a new Conservation Board and in its proposal that the oil industry should be given a voice in drafting new regulations, the Commission opens the way for a new deal for the oil industry in Alberta.

practicability of the scheme proposed.

Unless there were to be strict law enforcement it would be better not to have a standardization law since the public would not be protected and those in the industry who complied with the law would be at a distinct disadvantage in competition with those who failed to comply.

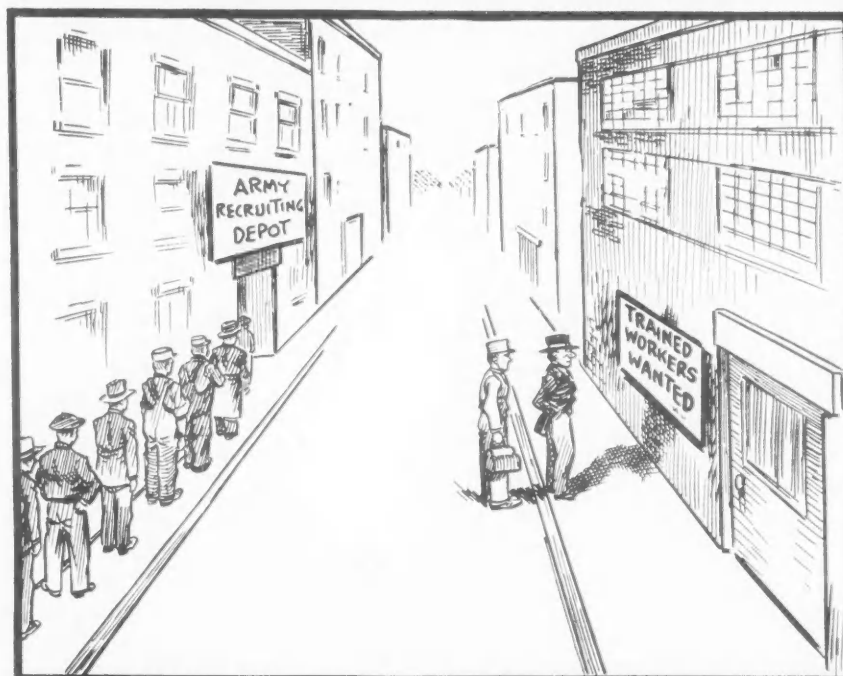
Need Clear-Cut Policy

After lengthy consideration of the subject of conservation and its concomitant proration it is proposed that the two present Alberta statutes dealing with these subjects be scrapped and that the present Conservation Board be reconstituted. The new Board should not have unlimited power but there should be a "clear-cut understandable declaration of policy" in a new statute passed by the legislature.

Not only should there be definition of "waste" and other factors included in policy but the specific powers that the Board is to have should be specifically declared by the legislature and everyone who may be prejudicially affected by an order of the Board should have an opportunity of being heard before that order is made. Rulings of the Board should be the subject of appeal to the courts.

As the present Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board is found not to enjoy the confidence of all the producers in Turner Valley, the Commission recommends a board of three members which would be free from political interference and which would have many duties in addition to those of the present board.

Without comment upon action taken by the Nova Scotia or British Columbia governments, the Commis-



LET'S NOT NEGLECT THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY

—James Allen

sion is forthright in its condemnation of legislative price-cutting in Alberta. The Commission finds that the industry has done well in the matter of making price cuts for the benefit of the public without mandatory government action. The trend of gasoline prices is down, the evidence showed, with lower costs resulting from operating economies being passed on to the consumer in the form of lower prices, better products and better service.

Criticism of the oil industry because it includes large corporations in its membership is not justified, the Commission states. A corporation may be so large that quite aside from

moral considerations it may not be the part of wisdom for it to be either extortionate or dishonest. Generally speaking, the large corporation has the large volume of business and so the low cost performance which permits of it most readily and effectively lowering prices to the general public.

Cost, Profit, Price

The Commission does not suggest that corporations large or small be given free rein over prices in cases where competition fails to assure a proper price and it holds that there always should be a proper relationship between the cost and profit performance and the price. The government, as the representative of the public, is concerned with keeping prices within reasonable bounds where competition fails to work.

If this is true on the one hand it follows logically, say the Commissioners, that the government should be equally concerned and again in the public interest to see that prices do not become so low as to discourage the inflow of capital or so low as to eliminate most competitors and bring about a state of monopoly.

The Commission ends its report strongly on the subject of government in business and denies the need or desirability of a government board with mandatory power. In the words of the Commissioners: "It would be quite wrong for us to first find, as we do, that the oil industry has come through a searching inquiry without having been found guilty of improper practices or of having made undue profits or of having demanded prices which are either exorbitant or out of line with prices elsewhere and then to recommend that the industry be placed under the domination of some government agency."

Government Competition

On the whole question of government in business and governmental interference in business the Commission holds the view that a government should not be in business in competition with its own citizens; that a government that eliminates competition by creating a government monopoly with respect to any commodity will in all probability carry on that business with a greater capital investment, a greater operating cost and so at a greater ultimate cost to the consumer than private industry would.

With regard to government control as distinguished from government ownership it is pointed out: "We live under a competitive capitalist system and until that system be changed for a better system if there be a better system, it would seem only reasonable that competition should be allowed free play so long as competition is so carried on that the public does not suffer at the hands of the competitors. In other words we think that government intervention should only take place when it appears to be a necessary step for the protection of the public against the evils of oppression by an industry."

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Socialism in Wartime

BY P. M. RICHARDS

Financial Editor

SOMETHING is happening in England that isn't getting the attention it deserves. The lads of the Royal Air Force and the Army are going socialistic. A lot of them are proclaiming—not with any observable venom, but with very pronounced positiveness—that they're not going back into competitive industry after the war. Having striven shoulder to shoulder, as brother with brother, in this struggle for survival, they will not go back to the dog-eat-dog atmosphere of pre-war civilian life.



So they say now. Of course they may not say so when the war ends, when industrial activity is contracting and jobs are scarce and a man has to scramble to get one if he is not going to go hungry. But, again, they may. And their war deeds mean that public sympathy will be on their side.

The *Wall Street Journal* recently carried an article by one of its London staff calling attention to the fact that Britain is going through a social revolution as well as the temporary upheaval of the war. This social revolution was in progress when the war started and the war has speeded it up. The idea that industry should be activated by a desire for service to the community rather than for profit for industry's owners was already more widely held in Britain than on this continent, and had been given practical expression in the setting up of public service corporations to take over privately-owned utilities by having shareholders exchange their equities for fixed interest-bearing securities. Examples are the Port of London Authority which runs the London docks and the London Transport Board which administers the subways, buses and trams.

Advanced by War

This socialistic trend of public thinking has been further developed by the wartime atmosphere of self-sacrifice and service to the state, and Mr. G. V. Ormsby, the *Wall Street Journal* correspondent, thinks there is every reason to expect that the principle of socialization of public services will be extended after the war to cover the main line railways, such highway haulage and coastal seaborne traffic as it can be applied to, also coal mines, electric supply and distribution and later insurance and banking if the Labor Party has its way. And it would seem to be quite possible that Labor may have its way, in view of the new dignity attained by Labor and Labor's leaders in this war.

Mr. Ormsby says that "Such an extension of the service motive would undoubtedly be revolutionary, but if it is introduced gradually with proper compensation to existing shareholders it need cause no violent revolution. But, whatever the outcome of the war, there is little doubt that many social changes are certain and that the community as a whole is ready to accept many modifications of the capitalist regime."

There is reason to believe that this is true of this continent too and indeed of all democracy. Democracy everywhere appears ready to accept many modifications of the capitalist regime. And it is a sobering thought. It is sometimes overlooked that the profit motive in industry does more than benefit the owners of industry by providing them with a return on their investment. It benefits the community too, in that it is because of the expectation of profit that the industry is established and produces wealth and provides employment, and that it continues to do so. Without the profit motive there would be no industry or very much less than there is, as our economy is constituted now.

What, No Incentive?

What, then, happens if and when the profit motive is eliminated? The service of the state may be a sufficient incentive in wartime, but will it continue to be sufficient when peace is re-established and Hitler's hand is no longer at Democracy's throat? Will men work and plan and deny themselves to build new productive enterprises, the profits of which go to the community and not to themselves?

The socialists' answer, presumably, is that if they will not, the state will do the planning. But, as Wendell Willkie has well and truly said, how could the state planners 'plan' that there should be an Edison and all his new unimaginable industries? "How could they 'plan' that some daring citizen should lend money to Ford to create his uncreated car? How could they 'plan' that Scripps should found a newspaper and pay his typesetters more than he was paying himself in order to get the newspaper going? How could they 'plan' inventiveness and initiative and the spirit of risk and adventure that lies at the heart of all successful productive effort in this land of freedom?"

What's the answer? No one knows. We only know, with Mr. Ormsby, that "many social changes are certain".



A CHECK-UP OF YOUR INVESTMENTS

A requisite of a sound investment portfolio is a periodic analysis by a competent investment consultant. This service may be obtained without obligation at any of our offices.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gaiety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude.

THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

LOBLAW'S

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate an opinion as to the advisability of investing a few hundred dollars in Loblaw's stock and whether the "A" or "B" is preferable. The shares if purchased would be held as an investment from the standpoint of a satisfactory income and safe principal.

E. S. D., Fredericton, N.B.

The "A" stock of Loblaw Groceries, Ltd., has appeal for income plus limited appreciation possibilities at the present market. While there is little to choose between the two issues, I would advise purchase of the "A" which, while it has no voting power, has preference as to dividends.

Sales of the company's 113 large food stores have been satisfactory to date, having shown an increase over the corresponding period of the previous year; no details are available since the management has decided not to publish any estimate of earnings until liabilities under the Excess Profits Tax can be ascertained definitely. However, aided by larger public buying power which should result from increased business activity, operations should continue to thrive. Net in the year ended June 1, 1940, was \$1,361,929, equal to \$3.06 per "A" share, as compared with net of \$1,233,253 in the previous fiscal year and per share earnings of \$2.77. Dividends should be maintained at the current rate.

TWINDYKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am being urged to buy shares in a new mine called Twindyke Mines. Have you any information that would help me? Your forecasts are good.

W. F. L., Welland, Ont.

Twindyke Mines Ltd. was incorporated two years ago to take over the bankrupt Rickard Ramore Gold Mines property consisting of five claims in Rickard township, and a mining plant. No development is underway at the property but I understand that approximately \$20,000 owing to the trustee in bankruptcy has just been paid off. Negotiations are now proceeding for finances to do further work and company officials appear hopeful of early success in this regard.

In previous operations a shaft was put down to a depth of 220 feet and 1,800 feet of lateral work completed on two levels. In addition there was considerable surface exploration and diamond drilling. While the past history cannot be regarded as encouraging I am informed by an official of the company that an engineer's report on the property, since they took it over, was favorable. The geology is said to be good and some six definite zones have been indicated between two dykes. This engineer recommended a deep drill hole to intersect the zones at depth preparatory to sinking a new shaft in a more central location.

DOMINION SQUARE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What is your opinion of Dominion Square Corporation 6 per cent bonds? Is there a possibility of them paying up arrears in the near future?

N. N. E., Sidney, B.C.

From your letter, I judge that you are unaware that Dominion Square Corporation was reorganized in 1939. Under the reorganization, the 6 per cent First Mortgage bondholders received \$750 in new 4 per cent bonds, due 1959 and 10 shares of common stock per \$1,000 principal amount of bonds held.

A definite improvement in results was experienced by Dominion Square Corporation in the year ended April 30, 1940. Annual interest charges on the new bonds are \$140,700, and in the year under discussion net earn-

ings available for such purposes amounted to \$178,436. I understand that occupancy of the Dominion Square Building, which is a 10-storey office and storage building, is about 74.5 per cent of capacity as compared with between 70 and 72 per cent at this time last year; and I think this gradual improvement should continue for some time to come.

I would say that these bonds are highly speculative but that the reorganization has improved the company's position so that they are not entirely without attraction. My suggestion is that you hold for the time being.

GREATER MALARTIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

A friend of mine purchased stock in Greater Malartic Goldfields a short time ago and now is considering investing an additional amount and has recommended it to me. Would you consider these shares a good investment?

N. E. D., Lucknow, Ont.

No, I would not! Greater Malartic Gold Mines is still in the prospect stage and the shares are quite speculative. Insufficient work has been done to determine the possibilities of its holdings and the company has apparently experienced difficulty in raising finances. In June 1,000,000 shares were optioned at prices ranging from 5 cents to 30 cents per share, but I have not yet heard of exploration being resumed nor what success has attended financing.

The company has a group of 32 claims under option in Bousquet township, Quebec. On the original group in Fourniere township, Quebec, a promising vein was uncovered which was stripped and trenched for 400 feet, although assays were low. Eleven claims are held in Skead township, Larder Lake area, and while they show typical Larder Lake geology, prospecting so far has not shown anything of commercial importance.

PAULORE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Is there any news on Paulore Gold Mines? Has any work been done on this property lately? I haven't seen a quotation on the stock for some time.

W. C. A., Toronto, Ont.

No work has been carried out for some time on the properties of Paulore Gold Mines in the Red Lake district and shares were removed from trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange a year ago, at the request of the company. The property was under examination last year by Howey Gold Mines, but nothing ever came of it.

HASAGA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

For some time I have been holding 200 shares of Red Lake Gold shares which have been replaced by shares of Hasaga Gold Mines. I would appreciate very much some particulars and comment on this replacement issue.

D. O. I., Brockville, Ont.

Hasaga Gold Mines is a private company, owned and financed by J. E. Hammell. The operation is a profitable one at the present milling rate of 150 tons, and indications point to large tonnage possibilities. Mill capacity has been doubled and within a few days should be in operation at the increased rate. Hoisting equipment will now handle about 450 tons daily. Approximately one-third of this will be hand-sorted, with 300 tons going to the mill from which a recovery of better than \$7 per ton is anticipated.

The raise in capacity should step up production from the recent level of around \$40,000 to approximately \$75,000 monthly. Preparations are also underway to carry development deeper through sinking of a winze from the present bottom level of 1,050 feet to a depth of 1,650 feet.

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ASSETS EXCEED \$49,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND No. 215

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1940 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Friday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1940. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager

Toronto, 12th September 1940

PENMANS LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October, 1940.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of November to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of October 1940.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of November to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of November 1940.

By Order of the Board

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer
Montreal
September 26, 1940.

McINTYRE PORCUPINE MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

Dividends Nos. 89 and 90

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of McIntyre Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) held on the 18th day of September, 1940, the following dividends were declared payable in Canadian currency:

No. 89 for Fifty-five and a half cents (55½c) a share payable December 2, 1940, to shareholders of record November 1, 1940.

No. 90 (Extra) for one dollar and eleven cents (\$1.11) a share payable January 2, 1941, to shareholders of record November 1, 1940.

Arrangements of which particulars will be given by letter to shareholders of record November 1, 1940, will be made whereby shareholders residing in the United States of America may convert their dividend cheques into United States funds at the now prevailing rate of exchange.

By order of the Board

BALMER NEILLY,
Treasurer
Dated at Toronto, October 2, 1940.

GOLD & DROSS

INT. BRONZE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly advise how you regard the common stock of International Bronze Powders Limited at the present time?

—W. M. K., Lethbridge, Alta.

The stock of International Bronze Powders Limited is a speculation on the extent to which the company will benefit from war-time demand. As such, I think it has better than average possibilities. This company has been directing its attention for several years to certain novel types of aluminum powder and powder metallurgy in the field of magnesium and iron as well as other types, particularly for industrial use. I understand that new developments in these lines may be expected this year.

One speculative factor which is affecting this stock as well as a good many others on the market is the uncertainty as to the effect which the Excess Profits Tax will have upon earnings. However, International Bronze has done reasonably well over the past few years and the Tax should not prove overly burdensome. Owing to the War and the resultant elimination of German exports to various parts of the British Empire, demand for the company's products

has shown a substantial increase. Business for 1940 has been running well ahead of 1939's results for the corresponding period. Earnings for the year ended December 31, 1939, were equal to \$1.73 per common share, as compared with \$1.29 in the preceding year.

NEW BOOKS

Economic Wisdom

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE ECONOMICS OF MONEY, CREDIT AND BANKING, by C. J. James. Ronald Press, New York. \$4.00.

THE Principal of McGill University wrote the first edition of this volume (this is the third edition, and the preceding two have been widely used as educational texts in the United States) in 1930, and an immense amount of revision must have been done upon it within the last year in order to bring it so completely up to date. Principal James has deliberately tried to avoid putting much accent upon controversial issues in the subjects with which he is dealing, prefer-



THESE ARE BONES in the process of becoming glue in a Ministry of Supply factory, England. They are digested and evaporated, emerge in big jelly-like cakes.

ring to devote most of his space to those propositions for which there is substantial agreement among scientific thinkers. The elasticity of his mind is admirably indicated by the opening sentences of the chapter on "The Monetary Standard," in which he reminds us that the international gold standard, far from being something inevitable and eternal, has only been in operation for a little over a century, and when adopted in 1819 was little more than an effort to adapt older economic institutions to a changing economic environment. "Perhaps none of the lessons of monetary history is more significant than this perennial tendency to adaptation, since it suggests that the good or bad qualities of a monetary standard can be appraised only in terms of the economic environment in which it is expected to function, and denies to all monetary systems the attributes, so often claimed for them, of universality and permanence." Students who read that sentence and profit by it are not likely to become wild-eyed faddists for change or wild-eyed resisters of all change.

Economic Trends

The book, although an American volume intended mainly for use in American institutions, contains an admirable and very full chapter on the history and present condition of the banking and currency institutions of Canada, for which Principal James admits large indebtedness to Mr. Philip Vineberg of McGill.

As an economist, Dr. James believes in democracy; that is to say he believes "that Western civilization will flourish best under a democratic form of government that allows reasonable freedom of initiative to the individual." But he recognizes very clearly that many of the so-called economic problems of the day are not economic problems at all, because the answer to them lies in "the underlying political philosophy." His most interesting pages are those which deal with the probable economic tendencies of the world at the end of the present war.

If, he says, the leading nations have at that time become completely wedded to the policies of economic nationalism which they have adopted for military purposes, each of them will attempt to plan and direct the economic activity of the region under its control, and for this purpose each will inevitably require an inconvertible paper currency, so that monetary policy can be used to serve domestic ends without hindrance from any other power. In that event it is unlikely that gold would be used even for international payments.

But if the democratic philosophy should rise again to dominance, it will need a sound international monetary system, and that system "must inevitably follow the general pattern of the old gold standard, since men will not cease to be fearful overnight and the gold standard is the only monetary system that imposes a definite restriction upon governments and central banks."

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The cyclical or major direction of stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The short-term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12, and reconfirmed on September 4.

THE MARKET TREND

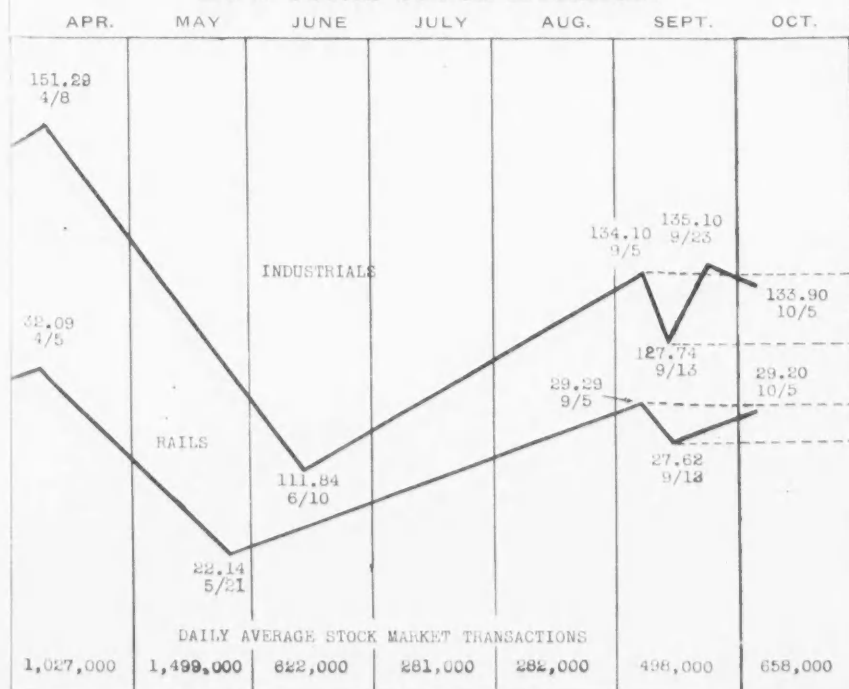
At the time that the two Dow-Jones averages, on June 12, moved above Industrials 116.35, Rails 23.91, our Forecast stated that such action furnished "a technical demonstration such as has often signalled a full secondary correction of a previous movement and has sometimes marked a fundamental turn-about or reversal in the main direction." We added: "A full secondary correction of the April/May decline, whether coming now or after some immediate cancellation by the market of its recent strength, would carry the industrial average to the 126/139 level, the rail average to the 25/30 level. At the conclusion of such a rally it would then be in order for the market to have its usual secondary decline. Absence of volume on such decline, accompanied by evidence of a favorable change in the fundamental economic background, and then renewed strength, would encourage the hope that the 1940 decline had ended. Penetrations of Industrials 113.94, Rails 22.14, to the contrary, would reconfirm the major direction as downward."

RECOVERY WILL BE TESTED

Approximately four months have subsequently elapsed and the market has progressed more or less in line with the above technical requirements—the industrial average and the rail average both having worked near the upper limits of the given price ranges of 25/30 and 125/139, respectively. Whether these upper limits will be reached, or even moderately exceeded, is an open question, although, as pointed out herein last week, a close in both averages at or above 135.11 and 30.30 would so indicate.

In any event, the rise from the extreme low of June 10 to date, or such further extension as might immediately occur, is to be regarded as corrective, or in the nature of a technical rebound from the panic break and has now proceeded far enough to suggest an attitude of caution on the part of investors. At some point this recovery will be subjected to a testing movement, or secondary decline, as discussed in the quotation from our June 22 Forecast. The nature of this test will then disclose whether the main downward movement ended in June or whether decline to new lows for the year is in order. Start of the secondary decline would be signalled if both averages now failed to close at 135.11 and 30.30 but, instead, broke September 13 lows by closing at or below 126.73 and 26.61.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



Money is Useless

Money is useless unless it is employed. Its value lies only in its utility. If you are not employing your surplus money, you are sacrificing one of the chief benefits that the possession of money has conferred upon you.

The thing to do with idle money is to invest it where you know that it will be safely employed at good wages.

Write us for a list of Securities in which you may invest with confidence.

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—FOR \$10 A MONTH

Rent Telephone Gas Electricity Groceries "so much" a month

Now you can buy Life Insurance on this convenient, monthly budget plan.

You figure what you can afford to Budget each month, in units of \$10 and that \$10 (or multiples of it) buys you so much Life Insurance. For example—a man of 30 decides to budget \$10 a month for Insurance, (he has, of course, many choices depending on his particular needs) but here is what \$10 in the Dominion Security Plan will provide:—

\$5,332 to his loved ones, if he dies, or \$30 a month to them for almost 20 years; a pension for himself of over \$26 a month for life, starting at 65.

(This income is guaranteed for not less than ten years even though he dies before that period expires.) \$20.00 a month would double these benefits—\$30 triple them—and so on. Moreover, Profit participation will add considerably to the sums received. Now consider this—If you can budget \$10 a month for a start in Life Insurance—or can pay \$10 a month more than at present—why not fill in the Coupon and mail? You know what the premium will be. Let you and our Representative discuss the kind of Policy your special circumstances need, and how much of it the \$10 a month will provide.

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Address.....406D

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Dr. James does, however, dispose rather firmly of one common cause of alarm. He does not believe in the prospect of an inevitable gold shortage due to the inability of the miners to produce the necessary amount of new gold each year. It is, he says, the action of the monetary authorities rather than that of the gold miners which determines whether there is or is not a shortage of gold. His account of the maldistribution of gold since 1920 is admirable, but the present maldistribution he considers to be no obstacle to future restoration of the gold standard, if the leading powers desire to restore it.

ORANGE CRUSH LIMITED

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents (.35c) per share on the outstanding no par value preference shares of the Company has been declared, payable November 1, 1940, to shareholders of record as at the close of business October 15, 1940.

By Order of the Board

R. G. McMILLAN,

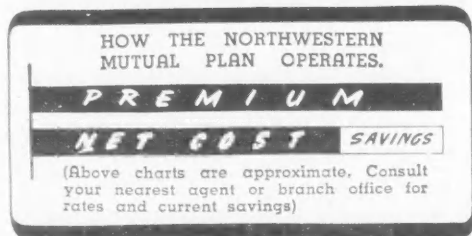
Secretary

Toronto, Ontario,
October 2, 1940.

The

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LAST year this company's policyholders received \$1,531,487 in savings under the Northwestern Mutual plan. Careful selection and inspection of risks, co-operation in fire prevention and efficient management combine to reduce overhead costs to a minimum. You, too, should be participating in these benefits.



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Importance of Work of the Agent in Distribution of Insurance

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Although to the casual observer there may seem to be no reason why life insurance should not be successfully sold over the counter or through the mails, the fact is that all attempts to transact life insurance by these means have so far produced but insignificant results with no appreciable effect upon the total volume of business in force.

Accordingly, the \$6,794,888,000 of life insurance in force in Canada and the \$113,800,000,000 in force in the United States represents the hard work and perseverance of the life insurance agents of the two countries. Without them, there is no question that the extent of present-day life insurance would be pitifully limited, and millions of families would be deprived of the protection they now enjoy.

IN CONTEMPLATING the vast insurance structure which has been erected in this country by private enterprise, and which has become one of the main bulwarks of our present social system, there is often a tendency to overlook the essential part played by the persons who perform the selling and service work which has brought the institution to its present magnitude—the agents.

Private insurance differs, of course, from social insurance, in that it is voluntary and flexible, providing personal treatment, reflecting the individual's own needs for protection, while social insurance is compulsory and inflexible so far as the individual is concerned; it aims to provide a minimum scale of protection which will forestall dependency among the people as a whole.

There is a difference, too, between private insurance and social insurance in their marketing processes. Social insurance is distributed by setting up and operating the machinery necessary to assure proper compliance with the compulsory legal provisions of the plan. Little individual service is rendered to the insured, since neither the benefits nor the contributions are flexible.

On the other hand, the distribution of private insurance is on an entirely different basis. This type of insurance, as has been pointed out before, must meet the definite needs and desires of the prospective policyholder; otherwise, he will not want it. Since individual protection requirements are not uniform, private insurance must be flexible and be provided on an individual basis.

Individual Contact

As private insurance is voluntary, and as insurance needs are variable, there must be insurance planning and servicing. Individual contact with prospects must be effected, so that the various insurance plans will be brought to their attention. These contacts must be sought, because the immediate benefits derived from insurance are intangible, and the demand for them must be developed, largely by personal education.

It is a well known fact that, even after these benefits have been recognized, it is by no means a simple procedure to settle on a plan of insurance. Account must be taken of the individual's family responsibilities, his age and that of his dependents, if any; also his desires as to the kind of protection and method of premium payment, and his financial situation. There may, too, be complicated questions as to optional modes of settlement, clean-up funds, mortgage indebtedness, and other problems, especially if insurance constitutes the major part or whole of a man's estate.

If the application is accepted by the insurance company, the next step consists of delivering the policy to the applicant and of collecting the first premium, or any part of it not already collected. After the insurance becomes effective, the individual problem becomes one of servicing the policyholder over the years by systematic follow-ups so as to prevent lapse and to effect such changes in the protection program as altered

circumstances may make necessary or desirable from time to time.

If premiums have to be discontinued, it is part of the agent's work to be ready to furnish assistance in selecting a non-forfeiture option. Another important service is the proper handling of the claim when the risk insured against materializes.

Hazards of Insecurity

From a social standpoint, it is generally recognized that as wide a distribution of life insurance as practicable should be effected. A society well protected against the hazards of insecurity, it has been pointed out, is apt to be relatively stable; and that the long and successful record of private life insurance in both Canada and the United States can justly be a source of considerable satisfaction. Providing tens of millions of insured with large national stakes of their own creation undoubtedly builds up their confidence in the existing social order, and so augurs well for the future of private enterprise.

As has often been noted, there are three distinct fundamental functions necessary to the successful operation of a life insurance company. One of these is, of course, the careful and scientific selection of risks in order to assure a fair mortality experience. There is no doubt that in this branch of the work a high standard of performance has been attained, due to honest individual selection by the field forces and scientific medical and lay underwriting in the head offices.

Safe investment of policyholders' funds, with an adequate interest return, is the next major function of a life company. It must be admitted that the securing of an adequate interest return has become increasingly difficult, due to factors not within the control of the insurance companies. This problem has required a great deal of attention on the part of insurance executives, and there is no question that they have discharged their duties in regard to the investment of these trust funds in a very capable manner.

Executives Criticized

With regard to the third major function of a life company—the distribution of life insurance—the opinion has recently been expressed by the president of the National Association of Life Underwriters across the line that there is very definite feeling on the part of the field forces that the chief executives of the insurance companies "must give an increasing amount of time and thought to the problems of distribution, for unless a thorough job is done to make the best quality product available to the greatest number of people at the lowest possible cost, then we shall not have faithfully discharged our obligations to the public, nor will the other two functions previously mentioned, namely, scientific selection of risks and the safe investment of policyholders' funds, continue to exist."

More emphasis, he claimed, should be placed on the elimination of the unfit from the agency ranks. All the companies should do their part, he

(Continued on Next Page)

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Japan Is Staging A Bluffkrieg

BY ANTHONY FIELD

WHAT great bluffers the Japanese are. Both in commerce and in diplomacy they like to make the imitation appear genuine. For some years now the Japanese War Party (which seems to count most in the Japanese Government) has persisted in waving the mailed fist at Britain, insulting her nationals, and disrupting her legitimate trade in the Far East. The United States too has suffered from these crude forms of attacks, although to a lesser extent than Britain. Britain's policy of appeasement has not proved successful.

British and American interests are so closely interwoven in the Far East that it is difficult to believe Japan would make war on either country without the other being also drawn into the struggle and coming to its aid. Yet, failing some crippling disaster to Britain's naval forces in the present war with Germany and Italy, it is hard to see how Japan could achieve an almost immediate victory. And this would be essential if she were to escape economic suicide, were she to decide on war with us rather than bluff-krieg. For that is really what she has been trying on for some time now.

It is both interesting and illuminating to study some figures and statistics dealing with Japanese trade. To start with the British Empire and the United States are far and away Japan's most important sources of supply. In 1939 the British Empire supplied her with 25 per cent. of her total imports (in value); the United States with 35 per cent. That is to say from the two great democracies came 60 per cent. of total Japanese imports—mostly vital raw materials.

Japan, as a matter of fact, is doing remarkably well out of the European war. In January, 1940, the value of her total exports to foreign countries (excluding China) was 60 per cent. higher than the average monthly figure for 1938. Her export trade is increasing monthly. Though many of her former markets in Europe have completely disappeared, the British blockade of Germany and now of Italy has enabled Japan to enter freely into valuable markets,

the most important of which is South America.

Doubtless the more responsible members of her government realize that in the event of Japan making war against the democracies such markets would practically disappear overnight. And Japan's industrial population depends for its very existence on its overseas trade, for it would be impossible to convert the country into a self-contained unit.

Japan certainly had in mind that in conquering China she would increase considerably this capacity for self-sufficiency within a new yen-block. She has been sadly disillusioned. Not only has China refused to co-operate in her conquest, but natural disasters combined with a badly conceived currency inflation policy has resulted in the creation of fresh liabilities rather than assets. Japan still has to look to the British Empire and the United States for most of her essential raw materials, particularly minerals in which she is markedly deficient.

Three Commodities

More than half Japan's total imports are for three commodities—iron (iron ore, pig iron, and scrap iron), petroleum products, and cotton. Almost all these come from the British Empire and the United States. In addition Japan has to import copper, tin, tungsten, vanadium, zinc, mercury, nickel, lead, platinum, chrome ore, bauxite, asbestos, manganese, rubber, wool, and ammonium sulphate. Practically all these come from the two great democracies.

It would be practically impossible for Japan to develop, at any rate within any reasonable period of time, alternative sources of supplies, more so as many potential outside sources are under the control of British and United States capital.

The recent U.S. embargo on the export of scrap iron and certain petroleum products has already been a very nasty jar to Japan. Were Britain to take similar steps and stop, for instance, the export of iron ore from British Malaya, the position would be definitely critical. Again since the Dutch joined the sterling-bloc their chances of bringing the important Dutch East Indies under their financial control has lessened. The Japanese are, however, working hard to wean this part of the Dutch Empire away from the control of Britain. They want to see an independent Dutch State there which would agree to co-operate with the Japanese. We have to guard against this, for if the Dutch East Indies allied themselves with Japan it would offer a very serious threat to British and American interests in the Far East.

Crops Bad

Normally, Japan is practically self-supporting in human foodstuffs, although she always imports a certain quantity of the country's standard food—rice. This year, however, the crops have been very bad. In addition the government possesses no rice reserves, although it is believed speculators own certain stocks. China, which should be able to supply all requirements, is entirely out of the picture just now. In fact, owing to the disorganized state of the farming countryside it is probable that the Chinese will have a severe famine. It will be necessary, therefore, for the Japanese to import large quantities of rice from the South. Burmah will be one of the chief sources of supply.

It seems less than unlikely that the responsible leaders of Japan would start hostilities under such economic conditions. The cost of living in Japan has already risen by 50 per cent. over the standard existing at the commencement of the war with China. Wages have not risen proportionately. Thus any serious breakdown in the supply of food or of raw materials might lead to internal disturbances. Despite the facade which the War Party presents to the outside world, there is a large under-

Japan will commit economic suicide if she goes to war with Britain and the United States, for these countries control her vital raw materials. They could smother her overseas trade; cut her off from important fuelling stations in the East; and bomb the flimsily-built Japanese cities to ashes. Then, too, the cost of living in Japan has risen 50 per cent since the "China incident" and crops this year are poor. The Rising Sun may not get much higher than the horizon.

ground Communist movement in Japan which would only too readily seize upon economic difficulties to further their own particular political creed.

Doubtless, too, the responsible authorities dread the possibility of air bombing on Japanese cities. The mass of buildings are so flimsily built and so inflammable that incendiary bombs would cause absolute havoc in the great centres of population. So closely packed are the populations of cities like Tokyo, Kobe and Yokohama that serious fires could never be stemmed.

Another powerful lever in the hands of the democracies lies in the fact that they control all the key ports in the Far East. There would be no places, in the event of war, where Japanese ships could fuel. We have indeed many powerful weapons by which we can counter Japanese threats should they become too tiresome.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

COPPER sales to Japan are being scrutinized carefully by those in Canada who see in that direction a direct channel to the arsenals of Germany. Appeasement in any form is in wide disfavor since the unfortunate days of Baldwin and Chamberlain. Unless governments of Great Britain and other sections of the British Commonwealth of Nations, as well as the United States, take measures to deny Hitler this very vital sinew of war, it seems certain that public clamor will soon demand adequate action.

Gold output from the whole of Canada soared still higher in July, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Ontario accounted for 279,693 ounces during July compared with 260,322 ounces in July, 1939. Quebec accounted for 80,506 ounces compared with 74,801 ounces in the corresponding month of 1939. The entire Dominion produced 3,028,668 ounces of gold in July compared with 2,029,894 ounces in July, 1939.

Paymaster Consolidated Mines produced \$153,468 in gold during August. This was the highest record in the history of the mine. The mill treated 17,466 tons of ore.

San Antonio Gold Mines has made plans for increasing its mill from a present capacity 350 tons to possibly 550 tons daily. The actual construction will stand in abeyance pending the result of deep level development. This covers the section between the 10th and the 16th level, or some 900 ft. vertical. Results at these lower levels have so far been impressive.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines produced around \$12,700,000 in gold during the nine months ended September 30. Provided the current rate of production is maintained through the closing quarter, the output for 1940 will reach \$17,000,000. This will compare with \$15,484,394 produced during 1939.

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Importance of Agent

(Continued from Page 30)

said, in eliminating all unfit agents everywhere and the part-time agents in urban centres. After careful consideration of the theories advanced in favor of using judgment in permitting part-timers to represent the institution of life insurance in urban centres, the agents submit, he said, that those instances where the part-timer later becomes a creditable full-time representative are so rare that these exceptions must be sacrificed in the interests of the full-time agent and the public.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Please advise if the Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association is a good reliable association.

Y. T. C., Millertown, Nfld.

Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association of Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A., with Canadian head office at Toronto, commenced business in 1910, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since December 11, 1934. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$477,500 for the protection

of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the end of 1939 its total assets in Canada were \$474,666.58, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$253,488.44, showing surplus here of \$221,178.14. All claims in this country are readily collectable, and the association is safe to do business with for the class of insurance it transacts. Premium rates are low for the benefits offered.

Editor, About Insurance:

As a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT, would like the following information:

Is it a fact that Lloyds of London will insure practically any risk?

What is the address of its Head office for Canada, or if they haven't a Head office, that of its chief agency or representative?

J. C. A., Coaticook, Que.

Underwriters at Lloyds, London, will insure almost any risk if the rate is satisfactory, as they are in business to transact every class of insurance, although most of them do not take on any life insurance risks. The non-marine underwriters at Lloyds, London, are licensed in various Provinces to transact every class of insurance except life insurance.

Chief agent in Canada of the Lloyds non-marine underwriters is R. S. Stevenson, 437 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.



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EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

Western Oil and Oil Men

BY T. E. KEYES

THE decline in production in the Illinois field is of very great interest to Canadians, as it supplies a good portion of the Ontario and Eastern Manitoba market.

In the days of proration in Turner Valley, Illinois crude was the chief competitor against Turner Valley for the Manitoba market. However, Turner Valley is no longer troubled with proration, and is presently producing at its maximum efficient capacity, which is slightly more than 25,000 bbls. per day. This of course is not sufficient to meet the demand of refiners in the area served by it. Production from the field is about 2000 bbls. less than it was a month ago. While it is expected that 6 new wells in Turner Valley will be on steady production before the end of October, these new wells are not likely to do more than take care of the decline in the production from the older wells.

As I have pointed out in this column on several occasions, an oil well is a wasting asset, and holders of a security which covers only one or even a group of producing wells must expect their monthly or yearly returns to diminish as the oil is withdrawn from the pool. In the case of a security where wells are being continually drilled and production obtained, the dividends or returns are likely to remain reasonably steady.

Coming back to the Illinois field, it is showing quite a rapid decline in production; for instance the daily average production for week ending June 22, 1940 was 492,048 bbls., July 20, 1940, 454,048 bbls., Aug. 31, 1940, 361,400 bbls., and for Sept. 28, 1940, 360,267 bbls., or a decline of 125,000 bbls. a day since the end of June.

This decline in production may mean that very shortly Ontario will have to obtain its crude supplies from other sources, which in turn will likely mean an increase in both the price of crude and of gasoline, in the areas now served by Illinois crude. Such a condition would possibly result in increasing prospecting for new oil fields in western Canada.

The following despatch from Matron, Ill., dated Sept. 30, 1940, indicates the present oil situation in that state: "Activity slackened off slightly from the previous week and 65 oil wells and 19 dry holes were completed. Of the 65 producers, 10 were in Loudon and 13 were in Salem. The Loudon producers averaged only 65 bbls., while those in Salem averaged 290 bbls. Outside of the two main fields, the other 42 producers had an average initial production of 315 bbls. These figures give an excellent idea of the decline of Illinois' position in the oil industry as they compare with a state-wide average of over 700 bbl. initial production as late as July. To take the place of the 84 completions, there were 67 wells started. There are now 98 wildcats under way and 219 wells in more settled areas, making a total of 384 operations."

Last week Alberta oil fields had a visit from Wallace Pratt, vice-president of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. Others in the party were L. F. McCollom, vice-president of the Carter Oil Co., G. M. Knebel, Scarsdale, N.Y., Dr. Oliver B. Hopkins, head of the geological division of the Imperial Oil group, and Dr. T. A. Link, head of the western geological staff.

The Carter Co. is a subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey and is one of the largest operating companies in the Illinois field. It recently registered in Alberta and is carrying on geological and geophysical work in the Province.

The new chairman of the Alberta Conservation Board, Dr. Robert E. Allen, who until recently was a consulting geologist and petroleum engineer in California, has just completed an inspection trip of several oil fields in Northern Alberta, and has just returned to Calgary as this is written.

He was accompanied on the trip by the Hon. N. E. Tanner, Minister of Lands & Mines. Mr. Allen tells me that cores from the Guardian No. 1 well, in what is commonly called the Pouce Coupe field, indicated the presence of some oil, and that he recommended that a formation test be made. This test will probably be completed by this week-end. It is being witnessed by A. H. Goodal, a petroleum engineer with the Conservation Board. The depth of the Guardian well is 6,168 feet. It is located in the town of Bonanza, Alta., which is a few miles from the British Columbia boundary line. In future this field or area will be referred to as the Bonanza field in Alberta government records.

The Vermilion area was also visited by Mr. Tanner and Mr. Allen. This field is at a very interesting stage, according to Mr. Allen. He says that several geological and geophysical crews are working in the area, and that three wells recently drilled into the cretaceous oil sands are just starting a production test. The three wells are the Vermilata Frankview No. 2, the Western Battleview No. 1 and Richardson Trust No. 1.

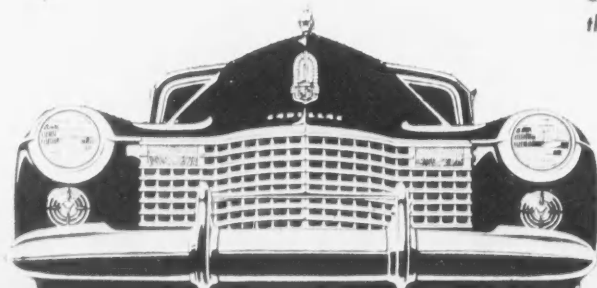
A wire from the field states that the cement plug has been drilled out of both the Vermilata and Western wells, and that oil rose 900 ft. in the hole. According to the wire, pumping equipment is now being installed in the wells and a test is under way.

The same wire says that an excellent core was taken from the oil sand at the Richardson No. 1 well. As a matter of fact I saw the core in Calgary, and it was saturated with oil. This well is being financed by George A. Richardson of Vancouver and O. R. Hollingsworth of Bellingham, Washington.



LONDON'S FIREMEN, and particularly the volunteers of the Auxiliary Fire Service, are the heroes of London's defence. These men are often on duty for twenty hours a day and suffer many casualties. Many of them have had no previous fire fighting experience, but all carry on amid bursting bombs and Nazi machine gun bullets.

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